

Silent Worker

SPRING NUMBER

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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"Pigs is Pigs" on the Herbold Farm



Steers Fattening for Market on the Herbold Farm

STRAY STRAWS

BY E. F. L.

NATURE'S SIGN LANGUAGE

*When Nature speaks we do not need
An ear interpreter.
She has a language that is clear
To all who talk with her.*

*The earth and sky are full of signs
That need no help of voice
To bid us in a world of care
Take hope and to rejoice.*

*Her blooming flowers are color choirs
That sing to eyes that see;
The burden of their song is of
Our immortality.*

*Her woods and plains, low-lying far,
Her mountain peaks that rise,
Her seas and rivers, too, can talk,—
They speak to open eyes.*

*The wind and storm that rend the earth,
Her awfulness declare;
And stars and planets in their course
Tell of the vastness there.*

*Each growing plant, each living thing,
Each rock and pool and rill
Some message has that we may read
And ponder if we will.*

*And everywhere we look around,
Below or up above,
We see some sign that tells us of
The God we learn to love.*

J. SCHUYLER LONG.



Fat Porkers on the Herbold Farm



Young Rabbit Hunter and His Catch.
RUSSEL HERBOLD



OWA is pre-eminently an agricultural state. It is not surprising, therefore, that among the deaf you will find a great many farmers. And there are some very successful ones. I might name a dozen off-hand, but I happen to have a few pictures from Louis Herbold, of Newton, that give an idea of what one of the best known and most successful among the deaf farmers of the state is doing.

Herbold began at the bottom round in farming back in the early eighties when he left school at

Council Bluffs and today owns one of the finest farms in Iowa, consisting of 400 acres. The pictures show some of the stock on his farm. Not long ago Herbold marketed 150 hogs averaging 300 lbs which were sold at \$8.75 per cwt. Instead of selling off his grain, Herbold turns it into meat and increases his profit.

Soon after Herbold got started, he married one of his school-mates, Miss Winnie Edgerton, and she has helped achieve and shares in his success. They have a fine family of seven boys, deaf like their father and mother, and possessing all the indomitable energy and ability of their father. Charles, Victor, Louis, Jr., the three elder boys, have already struck out on their own hook, each working a farm. Charles and Louis are married and the elder Herbold has added the dignity of grandfather to his other honors. Russel, the fourth son, is still under apprenticeship to his father. Willie and Harry are still at the school for the deaf where they stand well up in their classes.

Surely the Herbolds have done their duty by the state and made a big return for the education given them. And Iowa takes pride in them as well as in all her successful deaf farmers.

It is something to remark that the budget of Cosmopolitan Club Correspondence has safely made its third circle of the earth and reached my hands late in March. The letters began in Australia with Mrs. John Muir and her letter is dated September 15, 1915; then in France with Middle. Yvonne Pitrois on the 18 of November; in England with Miss Ethel Egan Desmond December 11; in Scotland with Mr. John Brodie on the last day of the old year 1915; in little Wales with one of the most intellectual of men, the Rev. J. Bodvan Annyl who started the budget on its first trip of the new year, January 10, 1916; in Canada with our versatile Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis on January 31; then in America with Miss Annabelle Kent, Miss Benie M. Edgar and myself on March 6, 27, and 29. The budget left me in due time for Mr. Howard Terry who has joined, in place of our Douglas Tilden. The latter found himself too busy to continue as a member and accordingly slipped away to devote himself to sculpture and literary work.

The C. C. C. naturally is full of the war, for most



MISS ANNABELLE KENT

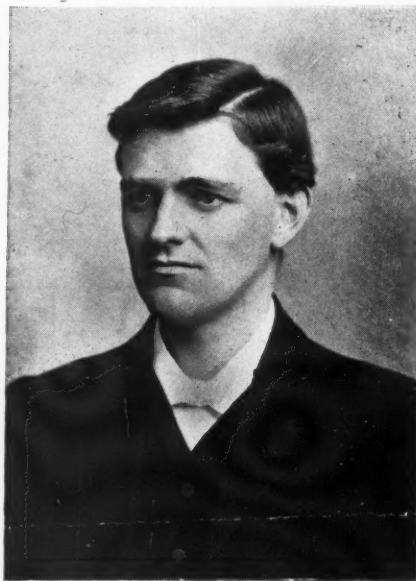
of the members belong to the warring nations and have the war right in their midst almost. Anyway, they see the results of the war in the maimed and wounded soldiers that are brought home daily. Mr. Brodie, the Scotch member, has a young son at the front out at the Dardenelles now. I also have a cousin, Gerald Black of Australia, with the Allies in Egypt. But Mr. Brodie's young son was in one of the fiercest battles on Gallipoli and wrote home immediately to assure his parents of his safety. Being out in the Dardenelles, the young boy has been almost constantly under fire because the limited area there made it impossible to get out of range of the enemy's guns. At first, in writing home, young Brodie said, "The people at home can have no conception of what war is really like; it is too terrible for words." That was in July, but later in November, the boy wrote with the sang froid of a weathered veteran about another great battle. "You will probably have been reading of a little scrap here this week; just a little affair—an hour's bombardment; a clatter of bombs, a cheer and it is all over. At least to all appearances, but I and two others sat up till 3 A.M. with a mortally wounded man, who died on the operating table. Our losses were very slight, however, and we are, in one part, a few yards nearer Archi Baba." He has felt the absence of comfort, which is telling on his not over robust health during the winter spent at the toe end of the Gallipoli Peninsula, but bravely assures his anxious parents that he is "all right."

In speaking of the war, which is the thing uppermost in the minds of all, Mrs. Balis mentions two Canadian deaf-mutes as belonging to the army. "One is an orderly in the ambulance corps and the other is a member of a military pay master's staff. They were at one time pupils of both Mr. and Mrs. Balis at the Belleville, Ont., School for the Deaf. Mrs. Balis thinks the latter young deaf man will eventually be attached to the draughtsmen's corps as he is a fine draughtsman and an architect also. Some of the men teachers or officers in the Belleville school have gone to the front—two as Lieutenants, one as a gunner and another as a Bandsman. As they are allowed one year's salary from the school during their absence and will be reinstated in their old positions if they return after their term of service is ended, these men will not have to worry about their families suffering.

Our Miss Annabelle Kent left East Orange, N. J., last September with a party of sixty ladies to attend the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church at Seattle. Many of the ladies meeting there were old friends of Miss Kent's dear deceased mother who was for a long time the head of the

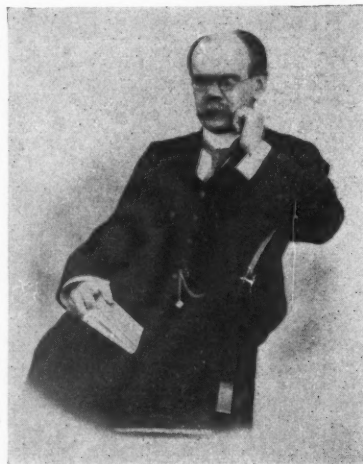
Settlement Houses and Industrial Schools scattered in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona by the Methodist Society. At the death of her mother, Miss Kent became one of the two Bureau Secretaries of the Society and is taking an active part in the work with the other secretary, Mrs. Ward Platt, Miss Kent is, to our knowledge, the only deaf woman engaged in such active missionary work with hearing people. She finds the work very interesting, though strenuous, and is quite happy to have her time so well occupied in something useful. After looking over all the Industrial Schools under herself and Mrs. Platt as Secretary to make reports of their conditions and needs, Miss Kent wisely settled in Pasadena, California, for the winter and spring.

What a wonderful thing the Movies are in these days of wonderful inventions. Just think of taking



REV. J. BODWAN ANNYL

an interesting journey away off to Australia, South America, Russia and France all for only a dime. The Paramount Pictures in the Movies take you almost everywhere now. Only two months ago there were shown moving pictures of "Some Where in France" at the leading Movie house here by Donald Thompson, a young American who had been



MR. JOHN BRODIE

out there at the front taking the pictures. He gave some accounts of his experiences in person while the pictures were shown. Beligum, with the Germans in possession, was shown even with the troops passing in review before the Kaiser William. The scenes in France were highly interesting and the after battle scenes terrible. The German prisoners



MRS. SYLVIA CHAPIN BALIS

of war taken after various battles by the Allies seemed averse to having their faces seen and one young fellow mimicked the motions made by the camera man in turning the crank of his motion picture machine.

While the young man, Donald Thompson, presented his pictures in all the leading American towns he received many anonymous threats on his life. At Des Moines, Iowa, some one mixed powder in his tobacco pouch and when he lit his pipe there was an explosion which cost him the loss of one of his eyes. So it seems there must be some German sympathizers who do not hesitate to do such underhand tricks in even America.

There can only be the same feeling in the hearts of Americans, or any other peace-loving people, about this awful world-wide war as the following grand and striking poem tells:

THE DAY.

(The author of this magnificent poem is a railway porter at Bath, England, and is known to his comrades as the "Bath Railway Poet." A poem such as this lifts him to the rank of a national poet.)

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbling ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white man's fall."
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Can wash thy foul hands clean?

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
Watch how the Day will go.
Slayer of youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime)
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown
for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed
for the Day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse their name.

But after the Day there's price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And Him you have mocked for many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

—National Magazine for January.

OUR MUTUAL FORUM

By MRS. ALICE T. TERRY

MY FRIEND.

IT IS not necessary for me to write her name. I know well enough that she would resent it if I did; for publicity and she are two forces hopelessly at variance with each other. Nor shall I say whether she is deaf or can hear. By simply calling her *my friend* I can just as well pay this little tribute to her.

My friend is rich,—that is, if a person who controls an estate valued at a quarter million dollars can these days be entitled to such distinction. Happily though, she is not like the hordes of unfeeling, vulgar rich whose every energy is spent chiefly upon the purchase of happiness—material happiness—for themselves, first and last of all. Unlike them, too, *my friend* never wastes her time nor the sweetness of life in unduly discriminating in what she eats, what she wears, or where she lives. Her greatest business in life is in thinking of the poor, in loving them, and in helping them. Always anxious to serve humanity, she finds her greatest joy in relieving the sufferings of the sick and the oppressed, in comforting the sorrowing, and in aiding the destitute. By the poor, referred to above, I do not mean the materially poor only. The better word would be the *unfortunate*, which well applies to all classes of people who are poor in one way or the other, be it mentally, spiritually, physically or materially.

No one can know *my friend* even for a brief time without discerning in her superior intellectual qualities. She handles with clearness and accuracy the vital subjects of the day,—be it education, pure oralism, universal world peace, or equal suffrage. In fact, *my friend* has written the most touching, the most imaginative sketch of infant life that I ever read; but all my efforts to get her to publish

is a source of keenest delight to me. Here is one which she has told me more than once and, which best illustrates her tendency to put Socialism into practice: It was on a bleak, cheerless day that she decided to visit a friend who lived in the slum district of the city. After ascending several flights of rickety stairways she came to tenement Mary's door, and knocked. Poor Mary raised herself up from her washtub to greet her with endearing words and wide open arms, and hastily drying a chair with her apron requested her to be seated. It did not occur to Mary to feel embarrassed in the least at

and says, "I could not sleep if I had refused!"

Perhaps some one will ask if *my friend* is real, or only imaginary. I assure you that she is real. What a pity that there are so lamentably few noble women like her. As the years pass I know her better, which means also that I love her more and more.

The Power of Song

The song in signs, of course. I think it strange whenever I see a fellow-deaf writer attempt to describe the charm of vocal song. Such does not seem natural. But in the case of our deaf poets, who by virtue of their rhythmic talents must still cherish sound, the fault is pardonable. But for myself, if I ever have to write anything in which sound plays an important part I'll leave that part of the job to some reliable hearing person.

Yet we do feel music in the songs we sing with our arms, our face and our whole being. It was just one month ago from the day I am writing this March 26, that I sat in church and saw Mrs. Nellie Ellis sing devotedly, "Holy, Holy, Holy." In the congregation also was Mr. Frank Roberts, a visitor from Boston, Massachusetts. It was the song, but no less the singer, that moved him heart and soul. He lost no time in forming the acquaintance of Mrs. Ellis. It certainly was a romantic case of the power of the silent song. In less than two weeks they were married. That wedding, which was solemnized in the presence of about sixty guests,



Mr. William J. Japes of Detroit, Michigan.
Snapped in California.

having so stylish and cultured a visitor. Nor did she think to apologize for either the wretched wash-day condition of her close, crowded quarters, or for the lack of eatables on her meager pantry shelf. It is certain that poor Mary was absolutely sure of the unfeigning, democratic spirit of her guest, for presently she was offering her that humble fare of bread spread with molasses. Together they ate and chatted and enjoyed themselves hugely. Although the room was filled with vapors of steam and the pungent odors of drying clothes, *my friend* has since assured me that it was one of the very best and happiest social hours ever spent. Like Mary Pickford she is at her best in the role of the poor.

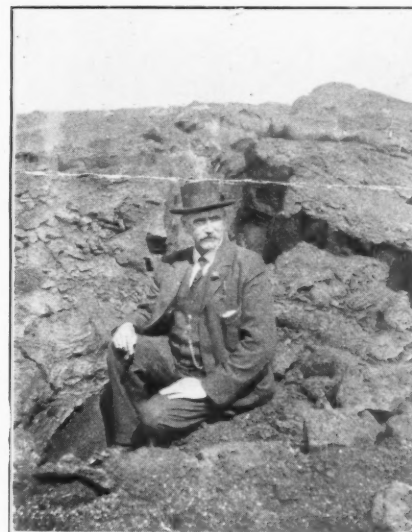
At other times, I have greeted *my friend* on her return from some elaborate social function to find her tired, cross and bored. And small wonder; for what woman of fine mental endowment can long stand the oppressive stupidity of the average society woman? While we talk, perchance a rap comes at her door. It may be some slight acquaintance in sudden dire distress, or, like as not, it may be only one of those aimless vagabonds whose pitiful story, whether true or not, is revealed in his wretched face and ragged clothes. *My friend* is not wont to doubt nor to delay. She sets about immediately to relieve the poor stranded fellow, often sending him away with sums of money, amounting anywhere from fifty cents to ten dollars. And there are times when she gives much more. Horrified at this indiscriminate giving (organized charity would call it reckless, criminal philanthropy) I have remonstrated with her. For answer she turns to me her happy face



Mr. Frank Roberts Viewing Great Banks of Sulphur in Hawaii.

it in some magazine, say the *Ladies' Home Journal*, have been unavailing. When I think of some of the crying needs of the press today I could almost accuse her of criminal modesty. But she is too well engrossed in her gentle philanthropic endeavors to heed my advice about writing. It is certain, too, that no one ever practised the Brotherhood of Man better than she does. She is an out and out Socialist, which explains of course her reason for keeping in personal touch with the unfortunate.

Again, one can hardly know *my friend* without perceiving that she is descended from aristocratic stock. But rather than fall into that familiar boast, the pride of ancestry, which so many worthless men and women indulge in, *my friend* would sooner cast the memory of her family pedigree and all that goes with it into the sea. The charming way in which she tells a story, usually her own personal experience,



Mr. Frank Roberts of Boston, Mass., in the
Volcano Region of Hawaii.

was one of the most beautiful affairs ever witnessed in Los Angeles. I have already described it in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Before that song, I had had an interesting talk with Mr. Roberts about his recent six-weeks sojourn in far away Hawaii. He brought back quite a storehouse of knowledge, relating to the volcanoes and queer plant specimens of that tropical country. But after the charming widow's conquest there wasn't much opportunity for further travel talk on the part of our guest. Otherwise I might be able to relate at length some of the most interesting incidents he experienced journeying alone to Hawaii.

A Happier Man

He is Mr. William J. Japes, of Detroit, Mich. And actually he has found the past twelve months or so the happiest and most enlightening period of his life! Why? Simply, because he has been associating with the deaf and learning their companionable sign-language. He told me so himself. He was schooled in pure oral institutions, and not until some years after his graduation did he realize

that the ability to speak and read the lips did not at all "restore him to Society."

As a child Mr. Japes was not entirely deaf, which fact is certainly an advantage over the other totally deaf children in oral schools.

Mr. Japes has spent the first few months of the year touring California and the West. He is a young man of pleasing personality; and it was noticeable that he was more energetic in seeking out the deaf and making their acquaintance than he was in praising our climate or anything else we have, the Grand Canyon not excepted. And I am not exaggerating either, and you will believe me when I add that he requested me thru these columns to extend a cordial invitation to the deaf of the whole country to visit him at his home in Detroit, Mich., 1314 Warren Ave.

That Unpardonable Insult

Barring deaf men and women from the teaching profession! That is undoubtedly the chief business of the pure oral champions these days, as well as in days of the past. Already some of the states have affected laws which prohibited the further employment of its deaf graduates, or like graduates from any other school, as teachers in their schools. Insulting? Yes—and worse. We can all show instances where it has brought to the deaf aspirant acute mental and moral humiliation. And to think

that such laws were unnecessary, unwarranted! Horrors! But take comfort. The philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, said that "a lie stands on one leg, truth on two."

That oral evil is the one-legged lie. But some day it is going to be over-powered by that enduring two-legged truth. The American people shall ultimately *know* and *understand*. For America is fast becoming a country prone to open, critical investigation.

One of the best things that the N. A. D. president, Mr. Howard, ever said was when he told the deaf, thru the columns of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, to *forget Dr. Bell's money and go to work*. If the deaf in every state had heeded that advice and gone to work in earnest there would by this time be some cause for uneasiness among the pure oral champions.

Not long ago a lady sent me the following rule, which is supposed to be the one mandate barring deaf teachers from the day schools of a certain state; "— forbidding the payment of salary to anyone not familiar with the lip method."

The way that this rule is worded impressed me. Is not every human being, deaf or otherwise, familiar with the lip method? Certainly, else humanity would know no such thing as spoken language. As long as there is humanity there will be the lip-

method. And every man, woman and child is familiar with that method whether he uses it or not, by virtue of its very existence—a natural law.

That rule is worded sneakily. Instead of saying "not familiar with the lip-method," why didn't they say just plain "deaf?" Evidently, because they didn't dare, or else didn't know how.

A very bright deaf-mute woman who was one time the most efficient teacher in one of the New York Schools told me the following:

"There was a little boy in school who apparently couldn't learn at all. Different teachers had worked hard with him, but in vain. He was finally given up as feeble-minded and his case hopeless. It was then that this deaf teacher accepted a challenge from the others that she would succeed with him. And she did; for presently he could spell his name, to the utter amazement of the whole school."

Unfortunately, that efficient deaf teacher did not remain long in that school. And that little boy (just because she left, perhaps) went to a home for feeble-minded children. This is only one instance in hundreds, which well demonstrates the superior ability of the deaf teacher over the average hearing teacher, with slow or backward children. And there are plenty of these little ones whose little souls cry out continually for that sympathetic touch and influence which only the deaf teacher can give.

PUBLIC OPINION

BY DR. J. H. CLOUD



HE first issue of The N. A. D., the official quarterly of the National Association of the Deaf appeared last month. It is a creditable publication of four fair sized pages full of information of general interest to members of the Association and others interested in the deaf. As a medium of communication between officials and members it will effect a saving in time, labor and expense. The bulletin is ably edited by Mr. A. L. Roberts, the efficient secretary of the Association.

The present membership of the National Association of the Deaf is the largest in its history, yet there are many more who ought to give it their good will and financial support by joining. A dollar sent to the treasurer, Mr. Harley Drake, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., is all that is required of new members. Members receive official literature without extra charge, and also have the satisfaction of knowing that they are promoting the advancement of the deaf.

The recently issued report of the thirteenth biennial convention of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf is an inspiring and illuminating chapter in the enviable record of that progressive and efficient organization. The Association has suggested lines of work which have been adopted in other states and by the National Association. The proceedings of the last convention is marked by virile commonsense and fearless initiative which have characterized the meetings. The imposter law, the compulsory education law, the law providing for a Division for the Deaf in the Bureau of Labor, the law requiring sign interpreters in cases where the deaf are concerned, the measures taken to curb the encroachments of pure oralism in the state and day schools, together with the industrial exhibits make a splendid showing for the Association. The Minnesota Association has been fortunate in its leaders and in the manner in which they have been sustained.

In view of the nation-wide project to raise funds for a statue to the Abbe de l'Epee, the following explanatory note and illustration taken

from the Itemizer department of The California News will prove of general interest:

The original plaster of the Abbe de l'Epee, modelled by Monsieur Choppin, the famous French (deaf) sculptor, has been presented to Mr. O'Donnell by a member of his Masonic Lodge. The donor of the plaque received it from an Italian artist who had been the pupil and friend of Choppin. The relief is a very fine piece of work and gives a good understanding of the genial, benevolent and highly intelligent features of the good abbe.



ABBE DE L'EPEE

Some time ago The New Era, published at the Hartford School announced that:

"A number of schools for the deaf have ordered copies of Book I Sweet's First Lessons in English, 1915 revision, and we hope that their primary pupils like the book as well as our little folks do. Write us and make suggestions, criticisms or corrections and if you like the books, do not fail to tell others about it as we can supply any demand."

The West Virginia Tablet reproduces the above and adds the following comment:

Not many people who ask for suggestions, like them when offered. Will the New Era like one which we should be glad to offer? I hope so, as it is offered in good faith and with a desire to see it carried out.

It is that the manual alphabet may be omitted

from the new books spoken of above, which are so attractive in many ways.

Should this not seem desirable, could we not have an edition for use in oral classes, with the above page omitted?

Oralists have made no secret of their opposition to the sign language, but this is the first instance to our knowledge that any one of them has come out openly against the use of the manual alphabet. In his article on the Progress of the Education of the Deaf in the latest Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, Dr. E. A. Fay pays a high tribute to the language used by the pupils of the Rochester School and attributes it chiefly to their habitual use of the Manual Alphabet. No oral school can show such uniformly good results in language as at the Rochester School, yet there are oralists who would do away with the principal medium for attaining such proficiency in language.

The trustees under the will of Mary Baker Eddy have made donations of books and periodicals on Christian Science to certain institutions for the deaf. As Mary Baker Eddy did not die poor the trustees probably have the means and the instructions for making other similar bequests among the public educational institutions. It was to be expected that Mary Baker Eddy and the trustees under her will should seek to disseminate the doctrines of the Christian Science cult. The liberal provisions for placing the literature where it will be accessible without cost testify to a singleness of aim and a sincerity of purpose on the part of the distinguished testator and her followers which, in itself, is most commendable. However, a public educational institution supported by the state, in which citizens of all religious beliefs and no beliefs pay the taxes, should not be made the depository for any kind of library of sectarian literature, with its current publications. For a public educational institution to accept such a gift is open to the gravest objection. It should not be permitted. A public educational institution charged with the instruction of youth of tender years is no place for the inoculation of any kind of religious propaganda. A public educational institution which accepts books and the current literature bearing on Christian Science, or any other distinctive

religious cult, cannot consistently refuse to receive and file in its school library the works of Ingersoll or the current numbers of *The Menace* if offered.

In the previous issue of our department we had occasion to commend an excellent statement concerning the value of reading to the deaf by Professor Fay of Gallaudet College, which appeared in the latest Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education. Since then an editorial on the same subject has appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* which shows that the reading habit is a valuable acquisition, whether one is able to hear or not. Here is some of the comment:

A reading habit is about two-thirds of education. We have never known a person who read much that read much trash. Invariably, by our observation, the person who reads not is one who reads little. If we could have a guaranty that a boy was going to spend a couple of hours a day, as a customary thing, reading books, we should feel sure of his getting round to real books in due time.

The teaching of the trade of cleaning, pressing and repairing clothes is coming into our schools.

It ought to be a good living occupation for the deaf. One of our graduates has a shop of his own here in town and has carried it on successfully for several years. There are other deaf-mutes in the state profitably engaged in that line of work, besides quite a large number in the tailoring business.—Mr. Albert Berg in the *Silent Hooiser*.

We know several deaf persons engaged in the clothes pressing business which they learned after leaving school. If they possessed the additional expert knowledge of cleaning and repairing their hold on their present positions would be less precarious. They would also be better able to establish a business of their own as many of the deaf already have done in the shoe repairing line. The so-called "trades" taught at some institutions, with the possible exception of baking and barbering, are practically out of date. They were well enough for two or more generations ago, when all-around workmen were in demand. The worker of to day who would rise above the unskilled class must specialize more or less. As occupations go, the deaf in general seem to stand a better show in the repair shop than in the factory.

In a recent competition for cover designs for the *Industrial Arts Magazine* (Milwaukee) Tilden's *Mechanic's Fountain*, San Francisco, figured in one of the designs submitted. The design failed to land first prize, not because of any defect in Tilden's work but because in reproducing and reducing the illustration the student got it too much out of scale and perspective.

"Are the deaf afflicted?" asks Dr. Long, which debatable question, on the authority of the *Standard and International Dictionaries*, he answers in the negative. If the deaf are not afflicted, then they should not look it, as many of them do. Let them cultivate a cheerful countenance.—Mr. J. H. MacFarland in the *Alabama Messenger*.

Deafness is not an affliction, but the general application of the so-called pure oral method certainly is.

V V V V V V V

There is activity in the V's all along the line—Villa, Verdun, Vaux and Vancouver in the Van.—*The Washingtonian*.

We wish the long green V was more in evidence.
J. H. CLOUD.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



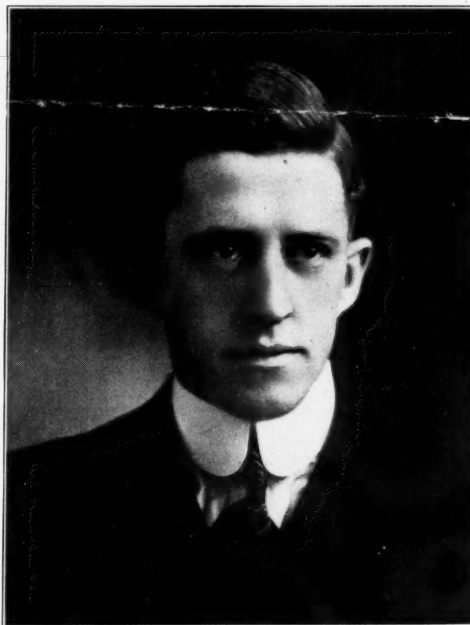
ANDREW MILO CARLTON, OF CORUNNA, MICH.

He is a fluent sign-maker altho only 8 years old.



Mrs. F. P. Fawcner, of Cairo, Ill., with two of her dear little friends. The picture was taken at the Labor Day Picnic in Chicago last fall. The boy at her left is Edward Hyman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hyman of Chicago. The little boy died on March

10. Such a sudden and untimely passing away of this bright little deaf-mute was a great shock to his parents and many friends, for Edward was a very lovable child and had a bright, happy future before him. The little girl is Grace Davis of Texas, another bright little mute whose mother was formerly Miss Luella Stephens of Illinois.



S. S. GIBNEY

Sterne S. Gibney, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Gibney, is General Manager of the Continental Portland Cement Co. in the Wright Office Building at St. Louis, Mo. He was connected with the Universal Portland Cement Co. at Chicago for 11 years as Chief Tester until last December when he accepted the new position with a high salary.

He began his cement education at the age of 18 as a cement tester at the princely salary of \$55 a month and within six months rose to the position of Chief Tester and later manager of the Sack department for three years. He also traveled in Illinois and Missouri for some years soliciting orders with great success.

"Rock Products and Building Materials" has the cut of Mr. Gibney and a very complimentary report of his rapid rise.

Mr. Geo. A. Olsen, the Retail Editor, very cordially lent the cut to me for the *Silent Worker*, regardless of the rule. The deaf father of Sterne has been Janitor of Field Museum at Jackson Park for twenty two years, and is said to be one of the most industrious and faithful employees. S. H. H.



Howard W. Elbe, of Manistee, Michigan.
He is six years old.



Howard W. Eble in his Bathing Togs

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH



NOT long ago I received a letter from an esteemed School Superintendent, in which he used the quotation: "A smooth sea makes a poor sailor!" I do not recall ever having seen it before, but ever since there have been any number of occurrences that brought it back to me with crushing force.

Teaching the deaf orally and giving them the benefit of no bread-earning pursuit is a very smooth sea for the deaf since the method makes it relatively easy for teacher and pupil alike and they often fool themselves and fool each other and get away with it. I have seen this done. I have looked on at the spectacle of a teacher talking (orally) for half an hour to a class of deaf children, all very grave and very solemn—and to nobody's profit, at least not to the pupils.

All the keen hunger for knowledge and avidity to add more to their store of it by students as seen in manual classes was absent. I could see that the whole proceeding was a colossal bluff, with bluffer and bluffed dividing the honors.

At the Delevan convention, some years ago, I spent several hours watching the oral demonstrations. The harassed, driven, worried faces of the little ones was a sight I shall never forget. The same children romping on the lawn between sessions were practically normal children—but their class-room appearance was just short of abnormality.

But in these days of early childhood, they learn to "beat the game," to use a homely term, and with a few added years a wise manner that assures the teacher that all that is being imparted, enables them to fight fire with fire, as it were.

This brings the "smooth sea" period that afterwards make the deaf victims poor sailors.

There is a good deal of arrant nonsense and very transparent humbug in the education of the deaf. Exhibitions of proficiency in oral work which edify strangers visiting schools for the deaf, rarely get far away from "Where do you live?" "What is your name?" "How old are you?" "Do you love your teacher?" etc., any indifferently good or bad lip-guesser can get away with. Just a little easier than it was for a trained horse I saw at a vaudeville show recently to pick out a white, red or green flag when ordered to. On the same evening's bill was a card expert who made you think you were selecting a card from a pack of 52 at random, where you really weren't, he forced whatever card he wanted. That's the same spectacle we have when visitors go in oral class rooms to see the wonders of the wonderful oral method. In its way the smoothest of seas turning out the poorest of sailors.

Says Miss Emma Roberts in the Volta Review, writing of the early home training of a deaf child:

If it can be possible while you are doing all this, forget that the child is deaf, and think that the one thing you are to do is to give him as healthy and happy a childhood as can be given to any child. It takes a little more effort and self-control on your part than it does with a child who is not deaf, but this is the work given you to do at this part of the child's life and no one can do it as well as you can.

The italics are mine.

Miss Roberts, who of course can hear, wrote that out glibly and naturally. It is a part of the oralist creed to forget that the child is deaf. So easy—so simple—forget it!

But the deaf child will not forget it. All the days of his life it will be hammered home to him that he is deaf. There is no forgetting it. Every step in life's pathway will emphasize its presence. Obstacle after obstacle, difficulty after difficulty, rebuff, reproof, danger, danger, danger.

The world isn't for deaf people, it is for the hearing. Travellers abroad, particularly those who visit Germany, comment on the fact that the warning legend **VERBOTTEN** appears everywhere. When they come back to the land of the free their strongest impress is that word **FORBIDDEN**!

But we who are deaf, even in our glorious land of the free, if we were only able to realize it, as we start out in life's activities, that every pathway, excepting only a few insignificant alleys and lanes, bear for us, the big legend:

VERBOTTEN!!!

The Law? Medicine? Public Life? The Army? The Navy? Navigation? and so on and so on—all hopelessly and formidably forbidden. To be sure, one or two deaf men have studied law and have carried on restricted office practice, but beyond that all was forbidden. No deaf man ever swayed a jury and no deaf man could sit on a Judge's bench. Even the privilege of sitting on a jury is an utter impossibility for a deaf man, though the town drunkard is not only fit but often does serve.

Deaf people can and do, preach and teach, but even this work is restricted to teaching and preaching to their fellow deaf—a narrow lane, comparatively, that has no forbidden sign. As an offset to all this, there are lines of activity that allow a deaf man latitude up to a certain point. There are any number of deaf people working as composers, who get union pay and do a highly satisfactory day's work—and that is as far as they can go, for here the "Forbidden" sign stares them in the face. Normal men can become foremen, editors and sub-editors, but because of the deafness which neither the deaf man nor his employer ever forgets, the end is reached with the deaf man always sure his limit has been reached, and there is no higher up for him. Even if he were capable, he would be barred because he could not use the telephone or give orders to those under him or listen to those above him.

And who are the good sailors? Who are the deaf people who make good? Who are those that are winning and have won?

Believe me they are not the orally educated, unless they made themselves manually adept after oralism had done its worst.

My own school, in my day (and I had a fairly good common school education before I became deaf), had just enough of oralism in its class rooms to encourage those who could talk to keep up their speech, (and those who could acquire it, to read the lips) but then, as now, it educated deaf people. That was, and is, the first consideration; to educate deaf people to go out into the world and stand up and smile at the "Forbidden" legend.

Get my meaning?

I'll try to draw a word picture of it, since I cannot draw any other kind.

It is the picture of a deaf man or deaf woman just approaching manhood or womanhood; a diploma certifying that the regular course has been pursued both in the class rooms and in the trades-school and at the threshold of life's career a series of avenues radiating in every direction, all, with one or two exceptions, marked **FORBIDDEN**, and a smile on the deaf person's face!!!

And why shouldn't there be a smile? The deaf person knows what others have done, in spite of a similar handicap, and his teachers have already made him travel the rough sea route, so he is going to be as good a sailor as his physical shortcoming permits. In an oral class a pupil may fool himself—he may fool the teacher and he can fool the rest of the class by making them think

he understands, but in my own experience no pupil fooled anybody and got away with it.

There was no fooling Isaac Lewis Peet, or Weston Jenkins, or Francis Devereux Clarke, or Enoch Henry Currier, because, in imparting knowledge, they were as deaf as we were—they knew the language as we knew it and there was no deluding ourselves. More than this, there were sixteen other deaf people in the class, all of them ready to trip up anything of the kind. With any of the above in the teacher's chair, they were very sure that their efforts were not wasted. They were very sure that all they taught, and all they sought to teach, went over. It "went over" because there was no guess work as to **what they said**. They did not follow the oralist's heartless sophistry: "Forget the child's deafness." They knew better than to adopt any such specious argument. All four of the teachers named had deaf relatives. Two had deaf wives. They not only knew what deafness meant but they knew what an education to deaf people meant. It was their life-work—three of them are gone now but their memory endures. They were not in the profession as a route to a pay envelope until another career opened to them, which is not the case with the army of young women fresh from normal schools who take a course in oral training and became teachers of the deaf, just as a means to an end—usually, till their Prince Charming comes along. I know any number of deaf women who could earn good pay as teachers of the deaf, but when they apply the **Verbotten** sign meets them. The demand of oralism is responsible, yet the two best women teachers in the two best and biggest schools for the deaf in America are deaf women!!!

It is now thirty-five years since the school-room days I speak of. Just before my time, the school had sent out Dr. Thos. F. Fox, John F. O'Brien, James F. Donnelly, Fred R. Stryker, and others of that class of men who hold their own in comparison with hearing men anywhere and of any time.

With me were Myron R. Palmer, Theodore I. Lounsbury, Anthony Capelli, George S. Porter, Arthur L. Thomas, Mrs. Gibney (nee Hitchcock) Mrs. Barnes (nee Noble) Mrs. Blanchard (nee Wells) Mrs. Odell, (nee Weyant) Miss Bryan, Mrs. Coleman (nee Decker) and yet others, all of whom passed the "Verbotten" signs and in spite of their deafness became splendid sailors on life's sea. It has gone right on this way, and the story I am telling of those I had the honor to work and play with could be told of every class that has been graduated since with added truth, for they are paying more attention to the sound body that the sound mind belongs into now than they did in my day.

The Mt. Airy World carries an advertisement of the Mt. Airy School in which it is stated:

"Upon admission every pupil is placed under oral instruction and his education continues under this method throughout the course."

Because this carries with it the personal guarantee of Dr. A. L. E. Crouter who, before during and after my own Pennsylvania days, has been a great good friend of all of us who are deaf, and I can claim a great deal for myself of good will and good friendship at his hands, I will not dispute it, but I hope I may be excused for expressing the opinion that if it is literally true the deaf of Pennsylvania are very different from the rest of the world.

The statement going the l. p. f. rounds to the effect that New York has the only deaf-mute undertaker in the world is hardly correct. The

man advertises as such without intent to deceive, but he is merely an agent who will take orders, for work in that line, and is so tender-hearted a man that I am quite sure he will be frightened to death if he ever gets "an order for his house."

Ladies and Gentlemen: Meet my friend Leslie Bibber,—manly, handsome and genial—nearly twenty years old, and gives promise of being a six-footer by the time he is twenty-one. I first knew him five years ago when he was a pupil of the City Oral Day School. He was a fixture around the 181st Street Subway station, holding his own as newsboy until midnight and attending school at the same time. I and other deaf people got to know him and to like him because of his sunny nature, his inevitable smile and his quaint, crude way of talking to us. He thought the Day School and the oral method the only, only, and when we suggested Fanwood, so near his home (ten minutes walk to be exact) he shrugged his shoulders and told us "Not Good." At times he spelled, but there never was anything to it, as he couldn't spell and his signs were as I have said, crude.

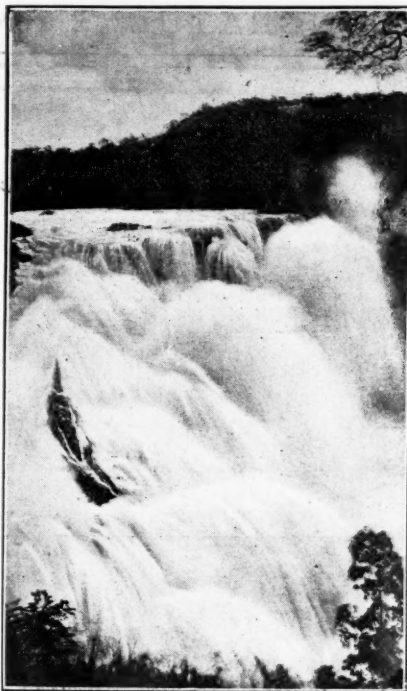
He has graduated now — at least they are through with him. He has found some deaf associates of his own age and is beginning to leave the *Verbotten* legend behind him, as he is becoming intelligent. I have been told he cannot speak, except to utter a few words, that they understand at his home. Knowledge is coming to him now that he has acquired a communicable vehicle. His eyes are opening. Last night, he asked me for Mr. Kane, though for five years past he did not know Mr. Kane's name to remember it, nor mine either, though he could spell both if one spelled it to him slowly. The false world he lived in is just being revealed to him and he will probably offset all the harm done, just as thousands of orally educated have by associating with the normal deaf, but he hasn't any trade—that's one of the crimes of his schooling that he cannot overcome. He earns ten dollars a week and that will be his probable limit.

Poor Leslie Bibber—victim of oralism!!

An exchange, commenting on a "strike" that recently occurred at a school for the deaf, reads the strikers a good lesson on discipline, but the effect is spoiled by going too far. The editorial suggested that the boys be given corporal punishment, which is against the law and against good judgment. The day for that sort of thing went by years and years ago.

The editor is comparatively a new comer to the profession and does not square with others in his profession when he states that the boys were "ungrateful toward their benefactors." There aren't any benefactors at that school, and mighty few at any school. Sometimes by their work, men and women who have gone to their rest may be spoken of as benefactors, but neither the members of the Board of Directors, their Principal, nor any of the teachers of the school, can be correctly termed benefactors. The deaf have been benefacted more than any class I know of, with fewer real benefactors than any other class. I know physicians who are benefactors, for they do good deeds; save life, restore health, and on top of it give money to people in need. They cheerfully leave warm beds at unearthly hours to make sick visits which they never render any bill for. I call them benefactors. I know heads of schools who have given freely of their advice, their time and their money, to further projects that benefit the deaf, and I have known them to cheerfully write checks for large amounts to help private enterprises backed by former pupils. I know one who never lets a wedding, a christening, or any sort of jubilation in which former pupils are concerned, go by without making a costly gift, or a check for a comparatively large amount his contribution, and he does not know I know it, but I call him a benefactor, and a real one. As

A Beauty Spot in Australia



The Barron Falls, Cairns Railway, North Queensland, considered to be equal to any in Australia for beauty of surroundings and grandeur of scenery. A favorite winter trip for people from the South, in July and August.

to Directors of schools for the deaf, who have been handed the benefactor bouquet, year after year, at every commencement season, I know of mighty few who deserve it. If there is anywhere a Director who thought enough of the deaf to learn to use the manual alphabet, he is, indeed, a rare bird. Most of the Directors of schools for the deaf are big men, in one way or another, that's why they are Directors, but if one of them ever employed a deaf man or woman, I never heard of it. About one in ten really have an interest in the work of the school on whose Directorate their name appears, and once in a while you will find a school that has good men, thoroughly alive to their school's needs, and keenly interested in what the school is doing. Fanwood and Mount Airy are rich in this type of Director, but they do not often shine as benefactors, in the real sense of the word, and they are no more benefactors to the School for the Deaf than they are to the railroad, bank, or steel works of which they are also Directors.

The Annals, Tablet, and other exchanges, have commented on the report of the New York Jewish Welfare Labor Bureau's summaries of results of their work showing that in 1915, for instance, those who could read the lips averaged \$11.50 a week, while those who could not only earned an average of \$8.50 per week, and the same figures, proportionately prevailed in other years, the 1913 average for those who could not read the lips being \$4.70 per week. The Tablet, editorially adds:

"Since we are preparing children to earn their own living after they leave school, this seems to us an additional reason for giving every child the opportunity for oral work and training."

Not so fast, Mr. DeBerry, not so fast.

These figures prove nothing at all. They are not statistics of the earning capacity of the Deaf. Two years ago, in New York, when the bread line was a common sight, in one night's gathering of over four hundred temporary down and outs, there were found two college graduates, but no body proposed abolishing the colleges as a result

thereof. That two men with college degrees should be in the bread line was due to the men, not to the colleges.

The figures given merely show what a purely charitable organization is able to do for the unfortunate. We must assume that the fact that they went to such a place to get employment shows that they were either incompetent, without a trade, timid or flat failures. The fact that some earned as low as \$4.75 a week proves this. \$4.75 is one day's pay to a graduate of Fanwood who has rendered satisfaction as a pupil in the class-room and as an apprentice in the printer's art. They do not all get this, though the average Union man gets \$25 flat, per week. Whether he can talk orally or not, does not figure in the matter. Employers want sober, reliable, competent men, and the less they talk during working hours, the better pleased the foreman is. And even those who can talk do not always do so. I think the man that has the labor of getting up the statistics is liable to go wrong in this respect, and it really does not matter in any of the ordinary lines of activity whether a worker can talk or not. I have employed hearing people that used up very valuable time talking, which was quite expensive conversation for the firm. In the work shop silence fattens up a piece work contract to the great advantage of both employer and worker. The foreman won't bother his head about a deaf man's ability to speak orally; when his sole concern is the deaf man's ability to do the work for which he is paid, and do it as well as the hearing man at the next bench.

The deaf milliner, who told me last week that in busy season her earnings went over twenty-five dollars a week, can speak quite well, but she earns the twenty-five dollars trimming ladies' hats well, trimming them fast and trimming them good.

The highest paid deaf man in this country often makes twenty-five dollars a day, working for the highest priced jewellers in the world, and keeping his mouth tight shut, for he could not talk even if he wanted to, but his pay envelope for any one week in the year will buy a slightly used Ford car, or even a second hand automobile, though this is not the funny department, I couldn't resist the joke.

And it all goes to prove nothing at all, so far as Charity Labor Bureau's statistics are concerned, for even the highest pay earned by any applicant was only eleven dollars a week, so we must conclude that they were mostly unskilled laborers, and the live schools for the deaf of 1916 are not sending out any graduates of that kind. Then, too, among the applicants were deaf people totally uneducated, and foreigners of similar calibre, so the whole statistics, as statistics crumble as not only worse than worthless, but injurious to the deaf.

Students of the unique in nomenclature will be interested in the following West Virginia School pupils' names, all of which appeared on one page of notes in the Tablet, and the Tablet's pages aren't half as big as this page:

Paul Gum.
Pearl Butcher.
Floda Starcher.
Curtis Fast.

ALEX. L. PACH.

Children, honor your parents in your hearts; bear them not only awe and respect, but kindness and affection: love their persons, fear to do anything that may justly provoke them; highly esteem them as the instruments under God of your being; for "Ye shall fear every man his mother and his father."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board. It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted.—*Scot's Magazine*.



The bride has been in the Public Eye for some time, by being appointed Superintendent of the Division for the Deaf, Department of Labor and Industries, State of Minnesota. Once deaf, she now can hear as well as any body

CONGRATULATIONS

*Mr. Henry J. Tandrom
announces the marriage of his daughter
Petra Theodora*

*Mr. Jay Cooke Howard
Wednesday, April the twelfth
One thousand nine hundred and sixteen
Minneapolis, Minnesota*

*At Home
after May the fifteenth
1632 London Road
Duluth, Minnesota*



The groom—who has not seen or heard of Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, the Duluth Real Estate man, President of the National Association of the Deaf and staunch supporter of the Combined System. Who says he is not lucky in his choice?

"The Bubble Reputation"



HE reputation of which I write is not the sort sought at "the cannon's mouth," but is the sort thrust upon us by the mouths of our fellowmen. An old definition says, "Character is what we really are; reputation is what people think we are." Perhaps the time will come when the hearing world will not attribute to all the deaf the characteristics of the single deaf individual whom they chance to have seen. Since for the present this is customary, it behooves each of use so to live and act that those hearing people whose lives touch ours shall give to the deaf as a class an enviable reputation.

Two instances have lately come to my notice, and since they have personally reflected upon me as a deaf man some supposed characteristics of all the deaf in the world, I have resented the implications for myself as well as for my fellow sufferers.

I am a fruit grower; I do not raise anything but fruit to sell. When, however, a friend at a distance asked me to furnish him twenty bushels of potatoes along with several barrels of apples, I very willingly purchased the potatoes from a neighbor and sent them along although there was no profit to myself—in fact, an expenditure of a half day's time sorting, sacking and carting the "spuds" for which I made no charge. That was season before last. The potatoes gave satisfaction, apparently, as the buyer wrote me at least three times during the year that he would want twenty bushels more last season. Accordingly, I watched my chance and bought for him last fall. On the day when I was to make the shipment and was hurrying to sack the potatoes, the postman brought a letter from my friend countermanding the order as he could get plenty nearer for less money. Two hours later and they would have been on the way.

Having bought them for this purpose I was at a loss to know what to do with them as I had a plenty for family use from my own garden. Consequently, the partner of my joys and sorrows mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, hoping to find a way of disposing of this "white elephant." This neighbor's reply was the bright light which illuminated the regard in which he held me and whomever else chanced to have lost the use of his ears:

"That's just like the deaf! Over and over I've had orders for fruit from deaf people and then at the eleventh hour get word they didn't want it because they could get cheaper elsewhere."

Now, I cannot quite concede that it is "just like the deaf" to be lax in business dealings any more than it is just like the deaf to have red hair or false teeth simply because a few bear these distinguishing marks. There are I believe, just as many hearing men who would retract an order because they had found a less expensive article. If I am mistaken, and this is a common trait among the deaf today, let us look to the training of the younger deaf to the end that it may not be "just like the deaf" a generation hence.

Not long ago, I asked the hired man of a neighbor to take my shoes to a cobbler for repairs. Since reading is not an art in which he is not proficient, I showed him what I wanted done. Arrived at the cobbler's he turned over the shoes with instructions to half sole them and then added: "I guess he wanted the heels straightened. He's a deaf an' dumb feller and he motioned this way."

"Take 'em away," said the cobbler. "If it's for a deaf and dumb feller I won't touch 'em. I know him. There's a pair of shoes I done for him last summer standing on that shelf this minute. He come in here and acted so unreasonable and wouldn't pay what I asked so here they be. I've got the shoes

but I'm out my time and materials. He was an awful near-sighted feller and I couldn't make him understand nothing and he acted awful mad."

"Then 'twas a different feller," replied my messenger. "This one ain't near-sighted and if he asked you to do anything for him he'd be sure to pay you all right."

Thus, only after some persuasion, was the "mender of shoes" brought to the point of willingness to serve me, because if I "wasn't the same feller" being deaf I might be expected to act just like the other deaf man whom he had encountered.

As I am a newcomer here and as I know that my neighbors will think that as I am, so will all other deaf men be, I walk warily.

It might prove a safeguard to all our acts if we were to bear constantly in mind how greatly our personal reputation affects the esteem in which all the deaf are held.

ASA A. STUTSMAN.

The laws of nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of nature,—were man as unerring in his judgments as nature.—Longfellow.

You can make hay while the sun shines, but grass will not grow without clouds and rain.

It is not the lantern, but the candle inside it, that furnishes the light.

Hard work is hard work, but it makes easy times easy.

NADFRATITIES

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER



OME wise old poet—who would have been wiser had he joined both the N. A. D. and the N. F. S. D.—once said, long ago, something about the man who would “do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf has done some very good work—very, very good—for the deaf. So has the National Association of the Deaf. The officials of the latter are very modest young men, however, and do not proclaim from the housestops their many good deeds; the many ways the organization is working for their welfare in fields the powerful “Frats” do not cover. Our many friends are naturally anxious to know what is being done by both organizations, how the work of the two subconsciously harmonize, interlocking but never interfering. They want to know how the two are quietly meeting the many problems confronting us as a class, problems before which any one individual would be helpless and which only powerful incorporated organizations can adroitly cope with.

So Publisher Porter, sensing the eagerness of his cultured readers to know all about the work they have heard so many rumors of, to know the truth and nothing but the truth, has asked for a Nad-Frat page. “Make it short and funny, if you can,” is his command.

NAD

The deaf press has not had much to say about the latest and, perhaps, the most important innovation in the deaf world, but the fact remains these higher up in the councils of the National Association (your association) have had watchful and studious eyes on the Division of Deaf in the Minnesota State Bureau of Labor. With many labor markets gradually closing to the deaf, due to changing methods of manufacture and employers liability laws, it behooved the N. A. D. to do something to ensure us a living wage.

The customary pessimism regarding this departure was heightened when the first Superintendent, appointed last July, turned out to be a young woman lately out of Gallaudet college, a Miss Petra Fandrem, who had almost completely recovered her hearing.

To the delight of all, she has made good. A big man writes of her methods thusly:

“Miss Fandrem’s work takes her all over the State, so she was up here visiting mills and factories and paving the way to get the deaf employment. She went to all the big factories here, looked through them for positions the deaf can fill, and spoke to the managers. She tried to get into the new \$15,000,000 steel plant and open it up to the deaf, but could not do so as they positively will not admit a woman or child to the plant. Nothing we could do availed to alter the matter; however, she is to take it up by correspondence.

“I accompanied her through three big plants and it was a revelation to see how she worked her game. She appeared merely as a visitor and got the manager to show her through, and then as they walked along together she would fish out a card and get him interested in the deaf. She would turn and spell to me, and he would be even more interested. All of the managers thought they would like to try the deaf and see how we work—in fact, she secured eight permanent places for deaf men and women and paved the way for much good.”

Miss Fandrem is endeavoring to blaze the trail, aiming solely to get the division in good running order before turning it over to someone else. In accepting the position last summer she

made a considerable personal sacrifice, having been receiving a much larger salary as stenographer to the deaf head of a half-million dollar real estate company in Duluth. Being able to hear she was invaluable, since she could sign as well as the best of us. Her employer placed her just inside the railing, in a direct line between his desk and the door. When a stranger entered he naturally addressed the deaf man, Mr. Howard, orally, and Miss Fandrem, bending over her keys, would swiftly translate his remarks into signs which Mr. Howard could read without taking his eyes off the visitors. The deaf man would shoot back a prompt oral reply, and the business deal was satisfactorily transacted.

This silent and efficient code was the marvel of the initiated. Sometimes a stranger, after a satisfactory interview with the Howard Investment company, would hear in the corner cafe he had just talked with a deaf man. Generally he offered to bet any odds he hadn’t, and a gleeful buch came right over to the office to settle it.

The stranger always bought!

Miss Fandrem accepted the St. Paul position simply because she felt she could do the deaf a lot of good. She has, at considerable personal sacrifice,—a sacrifice of fully of \$750 already. If one little woman will sacrifice that much to aid her fellow deaf, why should you, gentle reader, begrudge fifty cents annual dues in the same cause.

The N. A. D. needs you. You need the N. A. D.—or will some day (need it sudden and need it bad). Are you a Nad? If not, why not?

NAD

Still, speaking of “Leap Year Fatalities,” the N. F. S. D. is not raising premiums on those enlisting in the army of Hymen.

NAD

What is in a name? Recently the thermometer of the North Dakota school at Devil’s Lake registered forty-four degrees below zero. It does beat the devil—pardon, I mean beat the temperature of the Devil’s Lake. As the good book says, “Many are cold but few are frozen.”

NAD

The Akron division of the N. F. S. D. has a brother named Leo D. Frater. We cheerfully donate the following yell, to be rendered rapidly in unison by some pure-oral school at commencement time. All together now, one, two, three—

Frater’s fellow Fraters and a fair aux-Frat
Fatuously fumble with the fat frau’s hat!

Mercy, what’s the matter,

All this fuss for Frater?

Let’s fraternize with Frater in his famed frame
flat

NAD

Do you believe in signs? The oralists don’t, so it is suggested they start their campaign for the extermination of signs with the one a Newark, N. J., laundry puts on billboards and circulars:

Don’t kill your wife
LET US DO THE DIRTY WORK

NAD

By the way, if you believe in signs you ought to believe in them strong enough to spend fifty cents a year upholding the organization that upholds signs. Treasurer Harley Drake, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., will take care of all the money you can afford to contribute towards the campaign for the maintenance of the policy of the Gallaudets, the Fays, the Peets, the Waites,

the Walkers—now the motto of the American Association of Instructors of the Deaf, “Any method for better results; All methods, and wedded to none.”

Are you a Nad? If not, why not?

NAD

The Impostor Bureau of the N. A. D. secured seven Impostor laws in seven different states last year, this with an appropriation of only \$35—all the organization could spare. With an income of \$10,000 a year to fight for our rights, practically every deserving deaf-mute in America would have a well-paying job, would have the respect of his community, would be free to drive his own automobile unimpeded by silly local legislation. Are you doing your share towards bringing that desired day of liberty and equality? Remember every dollar counts.

NAD

The Hartford meet is coming. Sing a song o’ cheer.

All the deaf are saving up as the time draws near.
Joining costs a dollar,—deedle-doodle-doo—
All the pretty girls will go; why not you?

NAD

Those joining now will be paid up to June, 1917. Initiation fee and first year’s dues, only one dollar. Every little bit counts, as the jitney driver said to Alex. Pach the other day.

AS SHAKESPEARE WOULD WRITE WERE
HE A MEMBER OF THE L. P. F.

“See what a rent the smiling Zeno pays.”

—Julius Caesar.

“A few deaf-mutes are born great and others become N. A. D. presidents”—*Twelfth Night*.

“The miserable have no other medicine but only quid pro quod.”—*Measure for Measure*.

“Some Cupid kills with arrows, and some with hand passes.”—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

“I am never merry when I see a deaf band play.”

—*Merchant of Venice*.

“Hand out the truth and let quotation marks alone.”—*King Henry IV*.

“A horse! A horse! The deaf are getting noisy again!”—*King Richard III*.

“One touch of nature makes the impostors akin.”

—*Troilus and Cressida*.

“Let me have no men about me who do not respect individuality.”—*Julius Caesar*.

“For Brutus is a honorable man, like a state organizer is.”—*Julius Caesar*.

“Age cannot wither, nor custom stale your familiar Sunday afternoon caller in white shoes.”

—*Anthony and Cleopatra*.

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth your bitter feeling is, when a fellow shows no gratitude for the gift of a political coffin.”—*King Lear*.

“He jests with friendship who has not sucked a cigar given by a deaf lobster at a convention.”

—*Romeo and Juliet*.

“Something is rotten wherever the name is oralism.”

—*Hamlet*.

“Brevity is the rarest gift of a convention wig-wagger.”—*Hamlet*.

“Talk not to me: my mind is as dull and heavy as a deaf magazine.”—*The Merry Wives*.

“Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, some deaf hag’s hands will conjure away your reputation.”

—*Hamlet*.

“Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay before he ever saw the N. A. D. president lug home a bronze plaque.”—*Hamlet*.

“Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him, Horatio,—he insured in the N. F. S. D.”—*Hamlet*.

“Farewell the tranquil mind. Farewell content. I will return, when the N. A. D. comes back.”

—*Othello*.

Silent Worker

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GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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VOL. XXVIII. MAY, 1916, No. 8

Reports that cures of deafness have been affected by the use of the telephone lack confirmation, and it is a question whether any real benefit has been derived in a single case by this means.

The ten schools established in India by our old friend Babu Jamini Nath Banerji are a good beginning, but they do not go far toward the education of the 200,000 deaf in that great country.

OUR SERMONETTES

The motion pictures furnished by Mr. Newcomb, on Friday afternoon, were the finest we have ever had in our assembly room. There were two exceedingly interesting stories and five beautiful sermonettes, seven thousand feet of film in all, and the entertainment lasted two full hours. The sermonettes were beautifully illustrated and showed, in a most interesting way, the folly of pride, envy, fickleness, extravagance and jealousy. There was not a dull moment, and the children, even the smallest of them, sat in rapt attention to the conclusion of the show.

LEGISLATIVE PROVISION

Our legislative bodies, ever mindful of our welfare, have again seen that every reasonable requirement will be met during the coming twelve-month. The maintenance account, one that doubtless will be considerably increased by the constantly increasing prices of everything and the added number of pupils, has been allowed an additional five thousand dollars, an enlarged laundering plant has been provided for, and an appropriation for a fire-proof

dormitory for the girls was made; so that, while much else is to be desired, our needs for the immediate future have been well attended to.

OLD TIMES

To the deaf of Pennsylvania who attended school during the last three decades of the nineteenth century the group of teachers on another page will be most interesting. The photograph was taken in 1872 in the yard of the school at Broad and Pine Streets in Philadelphia, and our recollection is that the whole corps was present including the principal Joshua Foster. One by one they have gone over to the great majority until but three or four remain, indeed we are not sure but that principals Crouter and Walker are the only survivors.

ROYAL GIVING

The Mount Airy School has been most fortunate in its private benefactions. Just prior to its removal to the present site, it was the recipient of a gift of nearly half a million, and there has been scarce a year since that it has not received from sources, outside of state provision, one or more gifts or bequests to aid in its work. The provision in the will of Mr. John T. Morris regarding the uses of his magnificent estate at Chestnut Hill gives the students at Mount Airy a splendid opportunity for obtaining a knowledge of horticulture and agriculture, although we do not understand that it confines the training to the students of that school. It appears to be for the benefit of the orally taught deaf everywhere and as almost every one of the deaf in all our schools now receive oral instruction, the opportunity would appear to be open to all. Mr. Morris had already defrayed the whole expense of building the Industrial Department of the Pennsylvania Institution and his new benefactions give him a foremost place among those who are helping the deaf to help themselves.

VACATION

The closing exercises of the New Jersey School for the Deaf will be held on Thursday afternoon, June 15th, 1916, at 2:30 o'clock.

Children going home over the Belvidere Division will leave on the 1.28 P.M. train, on Friday, June 16th.

Those going to Camden, Millville, Bridgeton, Atlantic City, and other points south, will leave on the 12.35 P.M. train on Friday, June 16th, arriving in Camden at 1.53. They will go through to ferry in Camden, and there take south bound trains.

Those going to Freehold, Point Pleasant and Long Branch, will depart at 12.16 P. M. on Friday, June 16th.

Those going to New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark, and Jersey City, will leave in a special car at 10.10 on Saturday morning, June 17th, arriving in Newark at 11.27 and Jersey City at 11.43.

Those going on the Reading R. R., will leave at 8.22 A. M., on Friday morning, June 16th, arriving in Bound Brook at 9.41.

Parents who do not intend coming for their children will please send car-fare at once, and arrangements will be made for their transportation home. Some one must meet them at home station.

If children have trunks, fifteen cents extra must be sent to cover transfer. Change will be given to children.

School will re-open on Monday, September 18th, 1916.

Please have children back promptly.

During the coming term there will be a holiday at Christmas but none at Thanksgiving or Easter and children will not be allowed to go home until after the closing exercises in June.

JOHN P. WALKER, Supt.

REMEMBERED

Even the babies remember our Superintendent's birthday, and in spite of his repeated protests, all hands join in giving him some little token of their kindly sentiments when it comes along. This year it was a pongee dressing gown, a table set of beleek ware, and a big bunch of roses. The presentation was made in the assembly-room during the morning exercise, and Mr. Walker made acknowledgments in a neat little speech.

The Maryland School has at length fallen into line, and is now "The Maryland State School for the Deaf." For many years it labored under the cumbersome title of "The Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Mutes of the State of Maryland" and the change is certainly one that everybody in the work will felicitate it on.

The beauty and attractiveness of gesture, when properly used, was never better illustrated than in the case of the gentleman from New England who, upon seeing a young lady of Los Angeles recite "Holy, Holy, Holy," at once proposed marriage and is now a happy benedict.

IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds—
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds—
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fear of what may come,
I cast it all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod;
Where ill thoughts die and good are
born—
Out in the fields with God!

SCHOOL and CITY



Eggs.

Flowers.

Sunshine.

Flitting birds.

Lawns donning their green.

Annie Uhouse's new hat is a beauty.

Spring hats, spring dresses, spring everything.

John MacNee made a "homer" in Saturday's game.

Freshness, newness, brightness and verdure everywhere.

Charles Dobbins never fails to see us when he is in town.

Mrs. Tobin is a frequent visitor and a most welcome one.

Vito Dondiego sprained his ankle sliding home on Thursday.

The approach of examination makes busy days for all the classes.

We wonder who will get the Certificates of Excellence, this year.

Everybody is tired of the cold, wet weather that has continued so long.

Mr. Sharp lost a favorite aunt last week by death. She was eighty years old.

Felts tried to butt a tree down on Wednesday. He was running for a "fly ball."

It is surprising how well informed our boys and girls keep on the news of the day.

Anna Robinson's sister is very ill, and Anna is spending a couple of days with her.

Strangely enough, the second intermediate class has taken a great liking for grammar.

Mr. and Mrs. Golden Wing are building in one of the Oaks near the Trade Building.

Even the primary grades can tell you how many "sleeps" there are before they go home.

Mr. Sharp has his room decorated with pine branches which are very fragrant and pretty.

Laura Dugan, a sister of our John, says that if she were a boy she would surely be a printer.

Downey wood-peckers are frequent visitors to our grounds, but none has built with us that we know of.

Marion Apgar seemed to be walking on air during the whole of Eastertide. We wonder what made her so happy.

Vito Dondiego believes in the "rest cure," and took it on his birthday. He says that it made a new man of him.

In the matter of deportment, this year has been the best in the history of the school. Not one serious case of misbehavior.

The boys were favorites this year in the matter of Easter boxes. Between Thursday and Tuesday there arrived fifty-four for them.

Harriet Alexander and Mamie Mendum are holding positions in a glass-works near their home and both are greatly pleased with their work.

Colgate and Co. sent each member of Mr. Sharp's class a sample of their ribbon dental cream and all, after using it, pronounced it an excellent dentifrice.

The Philadelphia Rail-road team did not keep up their winning streak when they met us Saturday afternoon, going down to defeat by a score of 9 to 3.

Mr. McIlvaine and Miss Shurtleff, of the Mt. Airy School, ran up from Phila. in the new Overland on Friday and got a bite of planked shad with us.

Gymnasium work has been abandoned for the present, and has given place to the lawn and field games, and how the boys and girls do rejoice in the change.

When Mr. Siegel and Mrs. Kluin were in to see us on Sunday, they each had something in their arms that we had never seen before. What do you think it was.



CLEMA MELEG'S PET PHEASANT.

We are all anxious to see how the photograph of the basket-ball team turns out. It will be larger than any heretofore taken, and we are hoping that it will, also, be better.

Ella Winrow is now housekeeper for Mrs. Mahan in Princeton, having held the position since last summer. She is doing finely and is held in high esteem by the family.

Mrs. Woelper was the last of our holiday visitors, not arriving until Tuesday; but her call, though belated, was none the less appreciated by Esther and her many friends here.

Our boys are greatly interested in the work of Louis Kotula, of the Portland School, on the diamond. He has one of the best strike-out records of any amateur in the country.

Catherine Malone was the recipient of a lengthy letter from Ada Earnest a few days ago. Ada said she was getting along finely and that she was coming on to visit the school sometime soon.

The stories of college work and college life which Charles Dobbins brings to our boys interests them greatly, and they may be seen sitting around him, in rows, at all times, when he "starts up."

"Current Events," with its excellent resumes of the weeks news, is becoming a great favorite with the pupils. The "question box" is an especially good feature and one always perused.

Mr. Meany spent yesterday on our lawns, putting seed in the bald spots, pulling up the garlic patches and trimming the edges. A few more days and our grounds will be back to their pristine beauty.

Bernard Doyle is doing well in his mechanical drawing, and much prefers it to the printing. He has set his heart on a college course, hoping to enter, there by the fall of next year, at latest.

The Woodward maple is one of the first to leaf, and it is rapidly becoming one of our most beautiful trees. We set it out ourselves on Arbor Day, five years ago, and so it is a matter of especial pride to us.

Arthur Long is making an especial study of the mechanism of the linotype at present, and says that when he gets a job as operator, he doesn't want it ever to be necessary to call in a machinist to work on his machine.

Our "Big Ben," the great mahogany clock sitting in our main corridor with its big shining face and solemn chimes, has gotten to be a part of the life of everyone within our walls, and should it stop we would feel that the bottom had fallen out of everything.

Miss Bergen spent Sunday in Atlantic City, and was in the procession on the Boardwalk in the afternoon. En route, she visited Miss Fitts at her bungalow on the Egg Harbor, and brought back with her a big bunch of arbutus gathered along the woodland ways thereabouts.

The large quartered oak case now being constructed in the wood-working department by Mr. Johnson's boys is rapidly approaching completion. It is intended for displaying the millinery and embroidery works of the little girls, of which there is a large quantity on hand and it will fill a long-felt want.

On Labor Day, we had every arrangement made to join Mr. Burk's parade and plant a tree in the park, but the weatherman would not have it that way. The rains descended and the floods came and the whole project had to be abandoned for the time. The program was successfully carried out the next day, but, Alas! we were unable to go along.

Alfred Shaw, Frank Hoppaugh, Randall McClelland and Henry Nightingale are the happy possessors of wheels, and great is the enjoyment they get from them. And, would you believe it, every time they cross a stream they get out and feel the temperature of the water. Now, what do you suppose the idea is? It is a good thing for the boys that their machines do not require gasoline, with "gas" at its present price.

Among our visitors during the Easter holidays were:—

Mrs. Doyle and sister, Mrs. Oberg, Mrs. Tobin, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Mary Mendum, Mrs. Mary Waugter, Miss Mabel Zorn, Mr. A. J. Barbarulo, M. Scanno, Mr. F. Mallio, Mr. L. Spatz, Mr. James, Mr. H. Hansen, Mr. A. Titus, Mr. M. Sweeney, Mr. W. Battersby, Mr. A. Battersby, Mr. F. Waltz, Mr. Rae and daughter, Mr. Melone, and son, Mr. McBride, Mr. Varadi and son, Mr. Nitshke, Mr. J. Frank and wife, Mr. R. Hapward, Mr. F. Hapward, Raymond Campbell, Mr. Donnelly and daughter, Emil Morello, Mr. C. Dobbins, Mr. C. Durling, Mr. Uhrin, Mr. Pizzulo, Mr. Katz, daughter and two sons, Mr. Johnson, wife and two daughters, Mr. Uhouse and son, Mr. Kane and son, Mr. Siegel, wife, son and baby, Mr. Burzynski, wife and baby, Mr. B. Wallace, wife and baby, Mr. Yursick and daughter, Mr. Steiner and wife, Miss M. Humphries, Miss E. Humphries, Miss H. McCarthy, Miss C. McCarthy, Miss E. Nightingale, Miss J. Hamilton, Miss G. Hapward, Miss H. Hapward, Miss E. Gronkowski, Miss M. Gronkowski, Miss E. Miller, Miss M. Scheiber, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Wallace and son and aunt, Mr. J. Bilics, Mr. A. Bilics, Mrs. Renton and mother, Mrs. Iverson, son and nephew, Mrs. Leaming, Mrs. Teuber and son, Mrs. C. Melone, Mrs. Kluin, three daughters and son, Mrs. Klepper and two sons, Mrs. Lynch and son, Mrs. L. Coene and daughter, Mrs. C. Krill and daughter, Mrs. Brosniak, Mrs. V. Dixon, Mrs. C. Matthisen and daughter, Mrs. C. Bowers, Mrs. M. Whalen, Mrs. M. Campbell, Mrs. J. Morello, Mrs. Leitner, daughter and niece, Mrs. F. Woelper, Mrs. Kulikowski and son, Miss Ramshaw, Mr. Mikalanez, Miss Quinlan, Mr. Brigantie and wife, Mr. Ringled, wife and son, Mr. Schultz.

In the Interests of Efficiency and Order



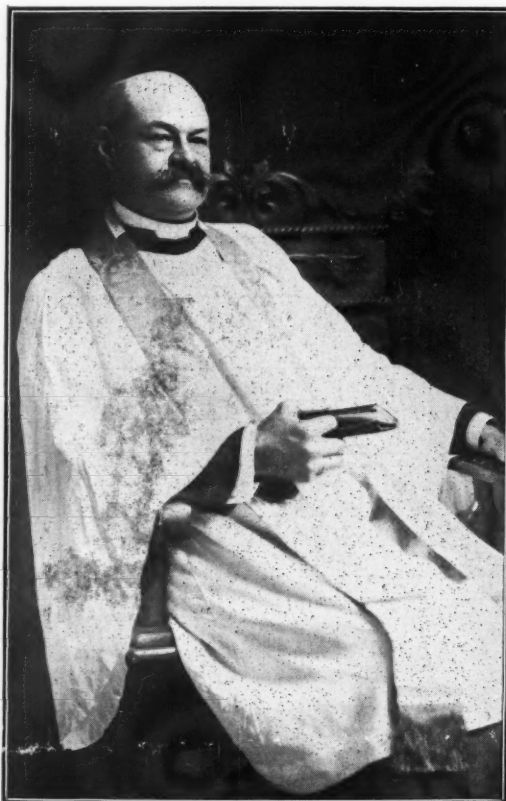
On the first of May very considerable and important changes are to take place in the organization of the mission work of the Episcopal Church among the deaf. The Rev. B. R. Allabough gives up that portion of his work lying within the limits of the Diocese of Pittsburgh and will henceforth confine his labors to the Dioceses of the Middle-West; the Rev. F. C. Smielau withdraws from the Diocese of Western New York and will take charge of Pittsburgh in connection with his work in the other Pennsylvania Dioceses now under his care; the Rev. C. O. Dantzer will confine himself to work in Philadelphia and in the Diocese of Delaware; the Rev. O. J. Whildin will work in the single Diocese of Maryland, and the Rev. H. C. Merrill will have charge of the Dioceses of Washington, Virginia, Southern Virginia and West Virginia.



REV. F. C. SMIELAU
Dioceses of Western New York and Pennsylvania

These changes are made to bring the work among the deaf into harmony with the recently established Provincial system of the Church. Under this system the Dioceses of the American Church have been grouped into compact divisions known as Provinces, and these Provinces have been given a large measure of control over their internal affairs and the missions within their limits. Heretofore some of the missionaries to the deaf have had fields which included portions of two or more Provinces, and it has thus been impossible to treat such work as a Provincial matter. The changes outlined above have been made to bring the work of the missions to the deaf within Provincial lines. All of the Dioceses named above, with the exception of Western New York, are within the Third Province, and the result of the reorganization is to place the

mission work among the deaf in the Province in the hands of four mission workers, each of whom is working exclusively within the limits of the Province, and is thus wholly under the oversight and control of the Provincial Synod. Another result is that the field of each missionary



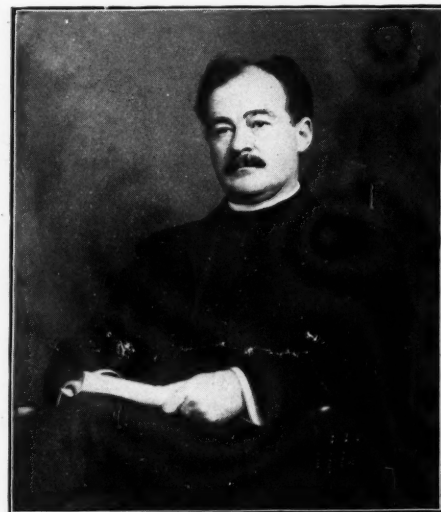
REV. B. R. ALLABOUGH
Dioceses of the Middle-West



REV. H. C. MERRILL
Dioceses of Washington, Virginia, and West Virginia

will be much more compact and accessible than heretofore and a considerable economy of money, time and effort will be effected.

While the changes above described are unquestionably in the interests of efficiency and order, the severing of pastoral relations which have existed for many years is nevertheless a matter of regret to both missionaries and people. The Rev. Mr. Allabough, for instance, has spent nearly all his adult life in Pittsburgh; here he began his work as lay-reader, and it is to his untiring efforts that the flourishing work in that city is due. His relations with the Bishop of the Diocese were very close and cordial and Bishop Whitehead gave his consent to a reorganization which involved the loss to the Diocese of Mr. Allabough's services only with great reluctance and from a conviction that the Diocese was bound to be guided by the action of the Provincial Synod. Mr. Smielau, too, has been in charge of the work in



REV. C. O. DANTZER
Dioceses of Philadelphia and Delaware

Western New York for a dozen years past, and his withdrawal from that field is a source of general regret.

The significance of this action by the Third Province lies not so much in the changes in boundaries and personnel as in the principle involved. The work among the deaf has been for the first time formally recognized as an integral part of the mission work of the Province and as thus falling under the oversight and control of the Provincial Synod. This is a very great step in advance and the action of the Third Province will undoubtedly have a far-reaching influence on the future of the work. It is only fair to add that the action of the Province was largely the result of the intelligent and untiring efforts of Bishop Israel, of Erie, chairman of the Provincial committee on missions among the deaf, and of Dr. A. C. Powell, of Baltimore, the secretary of the committee.

What profusion is there in His work! When trees blossom there is not a single breastpin, but a whole bosom full of gems; and of leaves they have so many suits that they can throw them away to the winds all summer long. What unnumbered cathedrals has He reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music; and in the heavens above, how do stars seem to have flown out of His hand faster than sparks out of a mighty forge!—Beecher.

NEW JERSEY NEWS

The Stork left an 8½ pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Hummer in Jersey City, on the 16th of April. The mother was Miss Bessie Supthin before marriage and the father has a lucrative position as printer. Both are graduates of the New Jersey School.

Arthur Blake, a graduate of the New Jersey School, is now operating a linotype on the Chathan (N. Y.) Courier.

Men will always act according to their passions. Therefore the best government is that which inspires the nobler passions and destroys the meaner.—Jacobi.

A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace and taste Virgil; but how seldom does he ask, or examine or think whether he can restrain his passions,—whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just and benevolent.—Lady Hervey.

UNCLE SAM'S BURDEN

A Dialogue for the J. L. S. Meeting, Alabama School

By J. H. McFARLANE

CHARACTERS

Uncle Sam.....Edwin Harper
John Bull.....John Brown
The Kaiser.....Huel Nelson
A Jap.....Hezekiah Lewis
A Doctor.....Wright Gilchrist
Two Nurses....Gertrude Williams, Ruth Gardiner
Two Helpers.....Leon Craig, Ralph Moreland
Seven U. S. Soldiers.

ACT I.

Uncle Sam enters with his burden, "UNPREPAREDNESS" on his back; and after turning around, sits down with it and mops his face, tired out.

Enters John Bull excitedly, exclaiming, "Britannia rules the waves."

Uncle Sam: "What's that, John?"

J. B. "I tell you the sea is mine, and I'll rule it."

U. S. (smiling,) "Well, why don't you do it? How about those pesky submarines?"

J. B. (sneering) "Pon my honor, your position is most ridiculous, you know, sitting there and doing



Uncle Sam and His Burden

burden, roll up my sleeves and fight for it." (J. B. and the Jap draw back at the word, "fight"—then grin).

Jap. "And the rights of the Japanese must be respected. Aren't we as good as you are? And yet you have put up "Keep Off" signs barring us from California and the rest of the country. We've got to show the world that, though we're yellow in color, we're not yellow in a fight."

Exit J. B. with Jap, arm in arm.

Enters the Kaiser, strutting.

Kaiser, (looking around) "Wonder if there are any reservists here; I'm getting short of men."

U. S. (attracting his attention) "I say, Bill, what do you intend to do about these submarines? I won't stand for any more of your killing American citizens."

Kaiser. "I'm too busy fighting the world at present to reply fully, but you'll hear from me later, when my submarines will speak for me."

U. S. (in surprise) "What! endanger the lives of American citizens again? Must I repeat all I've said on that question? I tell you that the rights of Americans on the high seas must be respected even if I have to fight for it."

Kaiser (shocked and looking at Uncle Sam's burden) "Fight?"

Exit Kaiser.

Enters the "Awkward Squad" at which Uncle Sam looks bored and ashamed before the audience, especially before John Bull, the Jap and the Kaiser,

looking in. The squad tries to go through some military movements, but makes such a miserable exhibition that everybody laughs excepting Uncle Sam.

U. S. finally gets angry and rises, suddenly throwing off his burden, and rolling up his sleeves declares that he can "lick" the whole world. He turns around suddenly to shake his fist at the spectators and J. B. falls on the stage, the others making a hasty exit.

Curtain.

ACT II.—UNCLE SAM PREPARED.

U. S. struts around the stage proudly and the awkward squad—now a well-trained group of soldiers—marches in and gives a creditable exhibition before him—J. B. with the Jap and the Kaiser looking on from different doors with awe. While the drill is going on the Jap and the Kaiser, also J. B. withdraw. Suddenly a shot is heard, one of the troops fall, and is carried out, the rest rush out in disorder.

Curtain.



Uncle Sam and His Close Friends, John Bull and the Kaiser

nothing. O, I see (sympathetically) you can't with that burden on your back."

Enters the Jap.

Jap, (looking sneakily at Uncle Sam's burden, aside to J. B.) "He's unprepared."

J. B. "He's unprepared, and I don't give a bloomin' Zeppelin for 'im or the Monroe Doctrine."

U. S. (turning upon them) "I tell you, gentlemen, that the rights of American citizens on the high seas must be respected, even if I have to throw off this



Doctor and Nurses

ACT III.

A doctor enters, followed by a wounded soldier borne on a stretcher accompanied by two Red Cross nurses. The doctor with the aid of helpers lifts the wounded man onto the operating table and begins to amputate his arm. His arm being bandaged he is again borne out.

Curtain.

ACT IV.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."



Participants in the Play

(Photographs by J. H. McFarlane)

Amputation of Soldier's Arm

A H E A R T - T O - H E A R T - T A L K

By C. E. C.

ARE those of us who became deaf late enough in life to remember the human voice,—in song or conversation; laughter, or even shouting—the sound of the pattering rain; the song of birds; instrumental music, and the numberless sounds that now pass “over our heads,” ever really reconciled to the loss of them? Personally, I answer “No.” I miss, and hunger for, music and voices. And I wonder how many share my experience of “hearing” some once-familiar song or hymn sung for hours at a time, sometimes by a single voice, sometimes by a choir or congregation with organ accompaniment.

How often I wish I retained control of my vocal organs to the extent of reproducing the music ringing in my head! Some of the tunes must be of my own creation, as I do not recall that we sang those songs when I was small.

Two of them I have wrested from the mass of those lost, forgotten, or unlearned at the time I lost my hearing, through my lip-reading ability. I love “Auld Lang Syne,” but could not recall the tune and complained to an old lady acquaintance that if I ever knew the tune, I must have forgotten it. She began singing it, and when she ceased, I told her, expecting to be laughed at, that it looked to me like “Old Grimes is Dead.” Her dear old face lighted up with pleasure as she cried eagerly, “It’s the same tune! and lo! I had rescued one more pleasure from the lost, for now I could “listen” to Auld Lang Syne, to the well remembered tune of Old Grimes.”



ON THE BEACH AT BREMERTON
WASHINGTON.

The lovely Holcombe Babies and their devoted young father, all proteges of C. E. C.

Years afterward, I rendered the song in signs while a young lady whom I had never met before, played it on the piano, and we finished together.

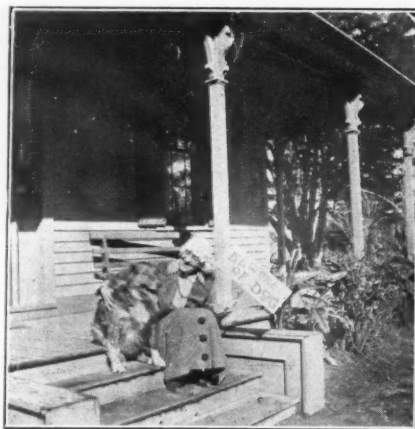
At a later time, a young lady appealed to me for assistance in rehearsing the “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” and I was reluctant to undertake it because I could not remember the tune, and, therefore, the *tune*—quick, slow, or “betwixt and between,” or how.

So I got my sister to sing it for me, and as she finished, I remarked that it resembled “John Brown’s Body Lies a Mouldering in the Grave!” Her eyes brightened delightedly as she said it was the same tune, so I was once more in possession of a lost tune through my ability to read the lips, and was ready to assist the aspiring soloist.

It is a grief indeed to me that I can not indulge my inborn love of singing, because I can not regulate my voice—can not carry a tune, even in a basket!

At the Buffalo convention, one of the Super-

intendents on the platform where I was testing the Akoulalion, between sessions, told me that I had forgotten sound. I protested, and he insisted that **he knew**. Does my carrying “Auld Lang Syne” in perfect tune with the piano, not prove that I **remember** sound? The young lady could not understand signs, and her back was toward me. She could not follow me.



“Brownie,” the faithful guardian of the Gore home and “C. E. C.” on the side steps. Brownie does not look particularly fierce, here, but, then, he knows his friends.

I dislike rendering any song or hymn in signs unless I know the tune, as otherwise I feel that I am making a recitation of it, or at least “murdering” the tune.

I “listen” often, to the beautiful “Abide With Me” and “Lead, Kindly Light,” and have them set to the same tune, that I think must be my own, as I am almost certain I did not know them, when I could hear. I also have “My Country, ’Tis of Thee” and “My Faith Looks up to Thee!” paired to one tune. When my sister said, “No, they had not the same tune,” I told her they could be sung to the same one. She tried them a moment and assented; yes, the time or meter was the same, so they might be sung to the same tune. But I am still puzzling over which of the two is really owner of the tune to which I have assigned both for it is the correct tune of one or the other, most likely “My Faith Looks up to Thee!” as I heard so much church music in the little town that was my earliest home.

I still feel full of “fight” over that Superintendent’s wiseacre assertion that I had forgotten sound. I asked my sister, once, if she thought I had, and her answer was a sniff and “the idea!” as if she thought the man who said it was *non compos mentis*.

I picked up my nephew’s French harp, one day, and without a word to any one, attempted to reproduce a tune my sister used to play on the French harp when I was small.

Sister and niece looked at me in startled wonder, then my niece began singing the words gaily, and sister asked: “Do you know what you are playing?” I was satisfied. I had succeeded in hitting close enough for two people to recognize what I was trying to play. Of course I struck false notes, totally deaf as I am, but it was a victory, and I think proves that I have not forgotten sound.

The tune was, “When He Cometh.”

...

Oralism is much discussed among the deaf out here on the Pacific coast. I do not join with those who flay Oralism regardlessly. I think it would have been far better for me, for instance, had I been kept under oral instruction, and I

know many for whom I think the combined system was a mistake.

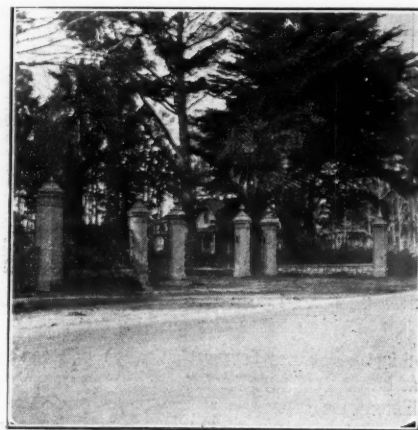
But we are one and all victims of illness that overtook us when we had acquired a good vocabulary, had a good start in school, (I was through the fifth reader,) and had no need of signs to convey to us the meaning of anything our instructors wished us to learn. We should have concentrated our attention more closely upon our subjects, I feel pretty sure, and given more time to real study, with the signs cut out. And we should have thought in English as we had always done, instead of racking our brains to express the same thing in signs and then in English, for the sign-language came to us a foreign language.

With the child born deaf, or made deaf when too young to retain any memory of spoken language, I am very sure that the sign language is in almost every case a necessity to some extent, varying with different children.

I see not how I could have made things plain to my own little bands, when I was teaching, had I not had a good command of the sign language and been able to picture, by its means, almost anything I wished to teach my little pupils.

Almost any teacher can recall cases of pupils entering a combined school after years spent in a pure-oral school, and having to begin near the foot of the ladder—and climbing **slowly**, then!

If the child has a good voice and ability to learn articulation to the extent of being understood, by all means give it oral instruction, but



The gates of the beautiful D. Ogden Mills's estate at Millbrae, California: the old home, and now the property of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the daughter of Mr. Mills. The house in the background is not the Mills' residence, but the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Gero, where I spent two delightful weeks in January, C. E. C.

use signs, if necessary, to assist in conveying intelligent understanding. If the articulation is a succession of squeaks and squawks, groans, growls and what not, for the child's sake and that of all who come within earshot of him, cut out the oralism, or teach him to whisper, if he **can**.

But I think that ALL deaf children should at least make a try at lip-reading.

In the last class I taught, before throwing down the ferrule, discouraged and disheartened, there was not a child who had not become deaf when too small to converse orally and remember it.

My morning salutation to all was a spoken “Good morning!” which they soon learned to recognize, and they would spell or sign “Good morning!” in return. Other words they soon learned to recognize when spoken to them were, “What?” “Good-bye!” “Thank you!” and “I love you.”

...

Lip-reading is a benefit to ALL, whether they can speak or not.

A funny incident was related to me not long ago. Two deaf young ladies entered a cafe and sat down at a table. When their orders were yelled, they discovered that they had no bread and one of them, (both able to speak,) asked the waiter to bring some bread. Her consternation, and her companion's merriment were both great when the waiter returned with BEER!

And the two words do not sound similar!

...

Another story, told me recently, struck me as being very much out of the ordinary. I never knew of a similar case. As it was told me by the young lady herself, I must needs accept it as veracious, as well as wonderful.

She was, supposedly, born deaf, yet always talked, though in words of her own improvisation.

Have any of our educators heard of a similar case? She told me several words she used, but the only one I recall was "lam" for bonnet.

And her younger sister, with perfect hearing, could not be broken of using the deaf child's words in preference to the correct ones, until the deaf sister went away to school!

...

As the annual commencement season draws near, I hope that in every school, those graduates who are to deliver their essays or other numbers in the sign language, will make a point of rendering those signs as expressively and as gracefully as possible,—giving the gesture-language an uplift from coast to coast.

And where a song or a hymn is to be given in signs, if the "singer" does not know the tune, for pity's sake have him or her drilled by some one who does, until the proper time is kept, so that, even if no one sings it vocally for the audience, those of the audience who know the words, can follow in thought and not find the sign-rendition finished before they have reached the last verse.

No need to advertise our handicaps. Help to overcome them. Intelligent drilling can do wonders. And oh! make the drill a graceful one: let it be indeed the poetry (and song) of motion, and gain thereby, new friends for the indispensable Combined System. C. E. C.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

On Washington's Birthday, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Swartz were treated to a "New England Supper." The dining room was prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, hatchets and cherries. The guests wore tiny flags. After supper, the guests exchanged stories, the one by Miss Helen Dodge being especially interesting. Her subject was "A Son of the Hill."

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Willets gave a party to about fourteen deaf persons recently. Games were played, the winners being Miss Helen Dodge and Wm. S. Smith Austin. The former won a pretty flower vase and the latter a handsome ivory pocket comb. A light luncheon was served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Silas Willets, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hamel, Mr. and Mrs. John Calligan, Mrs. Sarah C. Austin, Misses Lavina J. Austin, Sadie Cohn, Pearl Seekins, Helen Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Swartz, Messrs. Wm. S. Smith Austin and Henry O'Shea.

The deaf people of Binghamton were very much pleased when the Rev. C. O. Dantzer conducted religious service for them at Christ Church, on the evening of March 13th last. His subject was "Be Strong in the Lord." After the service Mr. Dantzer entertained them with interesting stories. Before coming to Binghamton he preached to the deaf of Wilkesbarre and Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Tilbury, who was struck by a street car, mentioned in our last letter, is improving fast and is able to walk with the aid of a pair of crutches.

WM. S. SMITH AUSTIN.

Diligence overcomes difficulties.—Benj. Franklin.

MR. WRIGHT'S REJOINDER

NEW YORK CITY, April 10, 1916.

To the Editor of the Silent Worker.

MY DEAR MR. WALKER:—I appreciated your courtesy in opening your columns to me on a previous occasion when it seemed best to call the attention of your contributor, Mr. Pach, to the fact that he was "barking up the wrong tree." Inasmuch as your columns are open to those who heap personal vituperation upon me for advocating a cause in which I believe as honestly as they believe in their cause, I am sure your sense of justice will lead you to admit my impersonal rejoinder.

Mr. J. H. Cloud has charged me with the heinous crime of conducting a small private school for the education of the deaf in which the charge for board and tuition is one thousand dollars a year. I must acknowledge that I have been guilty of this for the past twenty-two years. It is possible that Mr. J. H. Cloud is not sufficiently familiar with the educational advantages open to hearing boys and girls to know that there are hundreds of private schools in which the charge for board and tuition is from twelve hundred dollars up, and that in these schools the per capita cost of maintenance is less than one-half that of maintaining my little school. In those schools the proportion of teachers to pupils is about one teacher to each fifteen pupils, while in my school the classes number only from one to four. I also receive little children who must be tenderly cared for twenty-four hours a day by people of education and refinement. The tuition fee may seem large to Mr. Cloud, but when compared with the charge for supplying less care and less instruction to hearing boys and girls my tuition fee is very low.

Of course, Mr. Cloud's intention is to insinuate that I am actuated by mercenary motives. Now, if the gentleman had given the matter a little thought, he would have seen that if I was really mercenary I would keep my mouth shut and cease my efforts to improve the speech teaching facilities open to deaf children in all parts of the country. It is evident to the dullest mind that the worse educational conditions surrounding the deaf are throughout the country, the better it is for my school. If speech teaching conditions were satisfactory in British Columbia or Louisiana, I should not be called upon to educate children from those places. I think, therefore, I may safely be credited with disinterestedness when I spend my time and money freely in striving to get better conditions for deaf children at their own doors and at the expense of the State, so that they need not be sent thousands of miles away at private expense to obtain what they require.

What I have called the Dual system has been described very clearly and carefully by me, but Mr. Cloud has evidently read it as hastily and carelessly as Mr. Pach read some of my other statements. In your April number, Mr. Cloud says that this Dual system "in its final analysis and practical application can hardly be distinguished from the 'combined system.'" He has missed the point.

The primary cause for the failure of the so-called "combined system" from a speech teaching standpoint is due to the wholly inadequate provision it allows for the use and practice of speech and lip-reading. This is due to the impossibility of securing what the superintendents of "combined" schools have described as a "speech atmosphere," without which they say they cannot improve their speech teaching. Now, the Dual System remedies this defect to the extent of making it possible to provide the essential speech atmosphere for that portion of the pupils that the superintendents think suited to be instructed by the oral method.

At present the "combined" schools say they are using the Oral Method in part. But they are not. The oral method without a speech atmosphere is no more the oral method than a violin teaching method would be such without a violin. No "combined" school uses the oral method, or ever has, or ever can, so long as no speech environment is provided for any of its pupils. To state that a large number of the pupils in the Combined schools are taught "wholly or chiefly by the oral method" is an inac-

curacy. It really means that the authorities would like to have them taught "wholly or chiefly" by the oral method, and undoubtedly they have not realized that they are not so taught, for the reason that the essential element of the oral method is lacking, namely a speech environment. If the Combined schools wish to use the term "oral method" to describe what they do in speech teaching, then some other term must be adopted to describe what is done in the schools where the real oral method, which includes a speech environment, is practiced.

Both Mr. Pach and Mr. Cloud seem to think that my advocacy of the Dual System is an effort to "hedge," and to retire from my position in favor of the pure speech method. Here again they show their tendency to "go off at half cock." A little more thought on their part would have shown them that my suggestion of the Dual System is only an effort to make the best of an unfortunate existing condition that cannot be remedied at once. I can perfectly understand that the Combined schools cannot be changed to oral schools by the waving of a wand, even if everyone concerned desired it. I recognize the evident fact that the Combined schools desire to do at least some oral work. So I offer a practical, workable plan for making the existing schools as efficient from a speech teaching standpoint as is possible with no delay. But if everyone gives the suggestion as superficial consideration as your correspondents, the Combined System will continue to be as inefficient in speech teaching as its own superintendents have acknowledged it to be.

There is much less need of preaching against the use of the sign language in schools than there is of opposing finger spelling. The sign language as an acknowledged means of communication has practically disappeared from the school-room in the best Combined schools, its place being supposedly taken by the manual alphabet. When we compare the extent to which the sign language was used in the school-room fifteen years ago with the extent of its present use, it is evident that its struggle for open existence as a school-room medium of communication is nearly over. Nevertheless, to have smoked out Mr. Pach to the extent of having him say what he does of the sign language in your April number is a "by product" of our efforts that is worth something. Listen to him. "It is the fact that the sign language as we use it today does not require correct English." "We cannot close our eyes to this fact and we cannot disguise it." "It is a big handicap to a child in a school for the deaf to have to learn English in the face of the fact that when it is rendered into the sign language it is murdered. Murdered is a strong word, but that's what it really means." "There is no question but what the use of signs does injure the ability to acquire correct English."

Feeling in this way, will not Mr. Pach join with me at least to the extent of surrounding the children with correct English during their formative period and leaving the sign language for use in adult life, if they find a need for it?

Yours sincerely,

JOHN D. WRIGHT.

DEFINITIONS OF HOME

The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. Home is the bloom, of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Home is the central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus. —The Lone Star.

DEAF MEN IN THE UNIVERSITIES

There are two deaf men entered as students in Ohio State University this year. One is Denver Williams, a grandson of General Denver, after whom the Colorado capital was named. The other is Carl Bohner, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, a graduate of the Mt. Airy School and of the high school of his home city. He had also taken two years' work at the University of Pennsylvania, which gives him admission partly in the sophomore and junior classes. Williams is taking the course in agriculture, Bohner in chemistry.

By the way, we have a deaf student in our own State University, at Ann Arbor, whose case attracted notice in the papers two years ago. He is Ernest K. Hill, of Marquette, now in his junior year in the engineering course, it is understood. The following facts, gained through correspondence with him will be of interest.

He lost his hearing at the age of eleven, while in the fifth grade of the public schools, cerebrospinal meningitis the cause. He attempted to continue his schooling, but was declared a nuisance by the unsympathetic superintendent of the schools and forced to withdraw. He then attended day schools for the deaf near his home through the eighth grade. A year was then spent at the Clarke School at Northampton, where he was graduated. Then followed three years in the Marquette High School, from which he entered the university. He appears to be a royal good fellow as well as an unusually smart and persevering one, but doesn't find his pathway all roses. He is a staunch upholder of the oral method, but says he doesn't get any benefit in the lectures from lip-reading, and couldn't even if he were expert at the art. Some of the professors, he says, "practice landscape gardening on their faces, and some jump around too fast to follow." He does his preparation by hard study of the text book in advance, and through the partial outline and work given by professors on the blackboard in connection with their lectures, often asking them for a little extra help later on some point not clear to him. He says he finds most of them good natured in the matter, but occasionally one is not so, in which case he is likely to be up against it good and hard.—*Michigan Mirror*.

DEAF INSPECTORS

In a recent edition, covered with illustrations, the Daily Clarion Ledger, Jackson, Mississippi, had the following to say, under the title "Coca Cola is Inspected by a Modern Electric Light Process," about the two deaf inspectors employed at the Jackson Coca-Cola Bottling Company:

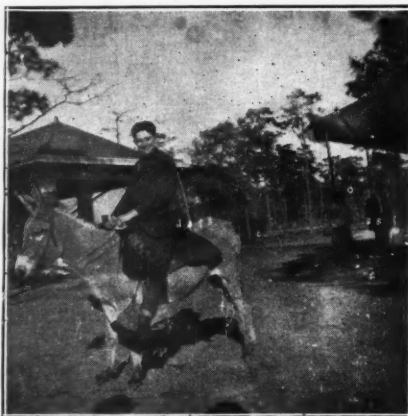
"After the bottles are filled with Coca-Cola it reaches this (inspecting) department where they are inspected through an improved powerful electric-lighted process by deaf and dumb experts. These men can neither hear nor talk—their minds being concentrated on their work of inspecting the filled bottles."

The deaf inspectors referred to are L. C. Pucheu and E. T. Richardson, the former an ex-pupil and the latter a graduate of the Mississippi School. They, together with R. Fulton Ellis, the pioneer deaf inspector at the Corinth (Miss.) Bottling Works, are said to be first and only deaf inspectors in the South, if not in the whole country, and are making a very favorable impression on their employers as well as others.

Mr. P. L. Borden, the owner and general manager of the Jackson Coca-Cola Company, is a warm friend of the deaf and always has the latch string of his plant on the outside for the deaf visitors. His place is one of the largest in the South and certainly is the most sanitary. Undoubtedly the deaf inspectors are saving him thousands of dollars in damage suits by their close and concentrated X-Ray-like inspection of bottled drinks.

No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.—*Haliburton*.

A Florida Fishing Trip



Leopold Strauss, of Montgomery, Ala.



The Two Best Fishermen in Alabama.
I. L. Strauss and W. S. Johnson



At Home During Vacation



W. S. Johnson and I. L. Strauss

HELEN KELLER LAUDS EDISON

Miss Helen Keller, born deaf and blind, and remaining dumb until her teacher found a way to reach her mind through the sense of touch, talked last night at the Palace Hotel of the efforts of Thomas A. Edison in behalf of the sightless.

"I think Mr. Edison is the greatest man alive, don't you?" she demanded of the interviewer, in the strange mechanical tones, which she cannot hear herself, when asked regarding the inventor's plan for aiding the blind. This conceded, she continued:

It was at my request, in March, 14, that Mr. Edison planned inventions to make writing easy for the blind, chiefly by means of a special ink.

I was to meet him at his laboratory in the last week of May, and we were to work the thing out together. Then came the war and spoiled it all, as it has spoiled so many other things.

Over in Europe they are wounding people by millions and making them blind.

I think the Socialists had better have died for their principles than for kings and princes. I believe, though, that the international will be revived in some form after the war. Even though peoples may be carried off their feet, the ideals of social justice will not die.

Recalled from the war to the efforts of Edison for the blind, which the outbreak of hostilities and the consequent new problems for the great inventor checked, Miss Keller expressed the belief that the plans will be realized after all.

In regard to the general education of the blind, Miss Keller said:

I believe the public school is better than special institutions for the blind. It is good for the blind and the seeing to understand each other. It teaches the seeing to lend a hand to the helpless and it makes the blind more self-reliant.—*Exchange*.

WHY THE DEAF ARE FEARLESS

The reports received from warring countries all indicate that the deaf are anxious to be allowed to participate even though common opinion would not only exonerate them from any charge of lack of patriotism in staying at home, but also would decline to permit them to willingly assume what is usually considered unwarrantable risk. One thing sure to any one who knows the deaf is that they could never be decreed ineligible for lack of courage. Just what the psychological cause for it is deponent saith not but the fact remains that the deaf child knows little of physical fear and that little grows less as the years go by. There may be here and there a craven but we believe scientific investigation would show a far smaller proportion of cowards among the deaf than in the general population. We have sometimes thought this immunity from fear on the part of the deaf is due to their having missed the multitude of stories of raw-head and bloody bones, goblins and ghosts, "hants" and the like that so delight and terrorize the heart of the average hearing child, just as their comparative indifference to pain is almost certainly due to not hearing exclamations and groanings of those who never tire of telling of their aches living them over and over in imagination and language for the edification of their friends. How often have we teachers of the deaf met a man who when he learned what our business was seized it up like this: "I am glad to meet you. When I was a youngster I used to live near a deaf school and we often played ball with the dummies. We found them fine and enjoyed our games with them but I will tell you we were careful not to make them mad. We learned from experience that if they found themselves imposed upon they would fight at the drop of your hat and there was no quitting until somebody got licked usually the other fellow."—*W. K. Argo, in Colorado Index*.

Be saving, but not at the cost of all liberality. Have the soul of a king and the hand of a wise economist.—*Joubert*.

JENKINS MEMORIAL FUND

COMMITTEE

George S. Porter, Chairman.
John Black Charles Cascella
W. Atkinson Mrs. M. Glynn

Bulletin No. 12

Mr. John P. Walker.....	\$ 5.00
Mr. Samuel Frankenheim.....	2.50
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter.....	2.00
Mr. A. L. Pach.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson.....	2.00
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Mr. David Simmons.....	2.00
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Mr. William H. Reyman.....	.25
Through Mildred Henemier.....	2.35
Through Peter Brede.....	12.50
Through Arthur R. Smith.....	2.40
Through Mr. M. L. Glynn.....	6.00
Through George Bedford.....	1.60
Through Charles Cascella.....	9.00
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through John M. Black.....	9.70
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through William Atkinson.....	9.00
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	

Total to date.....\$94.55

*Pledges

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

For the benefit of those who favor a bronze tablet or sculptured bust of Mr. Jenkins, artists with whom I have talked say that the first named would cost in the neighborhood of \$250, while a bust would cost from \$1500 up. It is up to the New Jersey deaf to decide at the next convention the form of memorial they desire and the sum to be raised.

Up to date the following bids have been received:

1. Mr. Jacques Alexander Life-size Portrait in oil, \$125.00.
2. Mr. Albert V. Ballin, Life-size Pastel Portrait, for only what the materials cost him.
3. Mr. A. L. Pach, Life-size Portrait, \$50.00. Mr. Pach suggests the creating of a Jenkins's Memorial Prize Fund for the benefit of the pupils of the New Jersey School.

Other artists are invited to bid. Ideas and suggestions will be gladly received by the undersigned.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

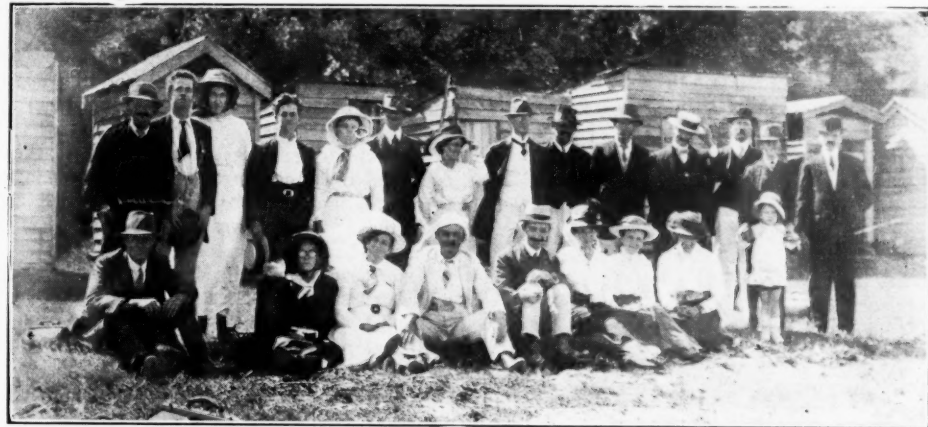
It may not generally be known among the more recent editors of our institution families that the first paper printed in a school for the deaf, in their own printing office, was the "Deaf-Mute" published by the North Carolina School at Raleigh in 1851, with W. D. Cooke as editor.—*The Register*.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his children's face:
And, as he forms their docile youth
To walk the steady paths of truth,
Observes them shooting into men,
Lives in them life o'er again.

—Lloyd.



Superintendent and Teachers of the Philadelphia School, in 1872.



All the people in this photo, are Deaf members of the Queensland Adult Deaf Mission out for a holiday by the Sea on St. Patrick's Day. Present Scribe is next the long-legged child in the extreme right of the picture, two figures to the left of her is the respected chairman and Supt. of the Mission in white pants and Panama hat, the sea spreads out in front.

BASKETBALL IN NEWARK

On Saturday evening, April 15, a Basket-ball Game and Dance was given at Trumbull Hall, Newark, under the auspices of the Silent Workers B. B. C. Under the able management of Mr. Samuel Eber, the affair was quite a successful one, although quite a rather disappointing crowd turned out to witness the contest which was staged for the championship between the states of New York and New Jersey. New Jersey won!!!

The New York team was made up of select players and two hearing professionals, on which hope was pinned to capture the laurels, but the Silent Workers were far superior in both shooting the ball and passing. The final score was 20-13.

Metzler, Coyne, Reinke and Dixon were the stellar performers for the winners, while Haberstroh, Gillen and Oslon were the best of the losing aggregation who could locate the basket. As a matter of fact, they were forced to play without a back board, and this was a great handicap.

Another preliminary game was also given for the championship between the Silent Worker Juniors and the Violet Deaf-Mutes A. C. of Brooklyn. Again the New Jersey boys proved superior shooters and piled up an overwhelming score on the invader's 19-4. The feature of this game was the "come-back" stunt of Hester, and also the all-round work and shooting of Garland, Hansen, Coyne and Petoio. The first half ended with the winners ahead by a 5-1 score, but in the final period the losers were swept practically off their feet. Koster and Burger were the point-makers for the losers. "PETE"

The true order of learning should be first, what is necessary; second what is useful, and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

AN OPEN LETTER

EDITOR SILENT WORKER:—I am really surprised at the language used by Mr. Alexander L. Pach in the SILENT WORKER Vol. 28—No. 7. Any one reading that article would naturally think that he was no friend of mine. Yet I consider him one of my best friends. At the same time, a casual reader would wonder whether it is meant as a slur, stab or kind of a hold-up for public ridicule. I merely take it as a hasty conclusion in his own mind's deduction, without first investigating what he was talking about. He is a beautiful and prolific writer and I love to read his writings, but that is no reason that a vague conception should be arrived at, merely because he had no dictionary at hand to consult. I do not wish to enter into any argument. I merely will give the version of standard authors on the word which seems to puzzle him.

Nuttall's Standard Dictionary — "Nubiferous" — Bringing or producing clouds. Therefore, nubiferous minds are clouded minds. Now as to that idealized cow, Nuttall's says: "Idealized existing in idea, or conception of the best possible, intellectual conception; intellectually; mentally. Idealize to form ideals to represent an idea. Webster's says: "Idealize to make ideal embody in an ideal form: represent (natural objects) so as to show their most important characteristics only; to form ideals." My meaning of "Idealism" is: In art, the effort to realize, by elimination and combination the highest type of any natural object; the doctrine is that all our knowledge of objects is a knowledge of ideas, so, therefore, isn't a "cow" an natural object? The other queries are superfluous. Mr. Pach, please get the N. Y. State University Bulletin for February on Visual Instruction and read it yourself and see if "I have embellished it with my own ideas," according to your assumption.

CLARENCE A. BOXLEY.

The TRENT

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a pleasant afternoon or
night's entertainment

The attractions from the foremost Metropoli-
tan Theatres

NEW YORK Loew's American Roof

Atop Loew's American Theatre

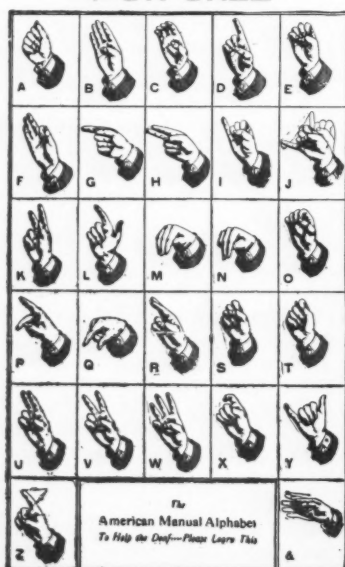
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THE SPICE BOX

BY HARRY E. STEVENS.



The other morning on a Grand trunk train, upon returning from the diner, the porter had made up the berths and it was discovered that a Chinaman had occupied the upper berth.

He wasn't of the Link Cuff type of coolie Laundryman from whom most Americans form their opinions of the Chinese. It developed in conversation that he was a big tea exporter from Hankow.

These Chinese merchants are very high-grade people, honest, industrious and intelligent.

This particular one got to talking about ancient China and some of his statements were very unusual.

The Emperor Chieh, born into the Yu dynasty 3,733 years ago, is considered by the "Sons of Han" (Chinese name for themselves) to be the most infamous personage of all times past.

He was completely under the influence of a wicked woman named Mo Hsi. These two staged the biggest "party" on record.

Chieh had his slaves construct an immense pool in the palace gardens, filled the pool with fine old wine, and on his gorgeous lake the guests rowed about in small boats.

While a Mongolian reed band shattered the air and silenced the nightingales, the carousers jumped overboard, drank of the wine and sported about until the imperial slaves had to pull them out with boat hooks.

Minor "parties" were held in a great subterranean palace.

Chieh laughed at the warnings of his Ministers until finally a virtuous prince named T'ang arrived with an army and dethroned both Chieh and Mo Hsi.

In the year 221 B.C., Emperor Shih Huang Ti came into power.

He was one of the most brilliant Chinese rulers. His dynasty is known as Ch'in, from which word China probably is derived. It was Shih Huang Ti who built the Great Wall.

Huang Ti was morbidly superstitious. He became obsessed with the idea that the dragon devil was after him.

One of his court magicians gave the remedy. The emperor took 300,000 criminals from prison and had them build him a palace of 1,001 rooms. The idea was to sleep in a different room every night, thus confusing the dragon devil, who would grow weary of entering rooms in search for the otherwise ultra-intelligent ruler.

About 450 years later a great Chinese rebel named Chu-ko-Liang attempted to overthrow the emperor, Ming Ti.

The rebel was defeated in a great battle. In his retreat he occupied a desert walled town. The enemy drew near. Desperate, the rebel chief resorted to a ruse that can be classed either as strategy or gambling. The gates of the city were suddenly thrown wide open; a detachment came forth with brooms in their hands and innocently began to sweep the roadway. At the same time, Chu-ko-Liang appeared on the top of the wall and began to play upon his lute.

The approaching imperial cavalry stopped; fearing an ambush, they hesitated about entering the gates that stood invitingly open; suddenly the fear of a surprise attack from the rear seized them and, wheeling about, they fled in disorder that quickly turned into a rout.

Chu-ko-Liang fled to the Malay provinces in the south. Who won?

The great Emperor Wu Ti, conquering the kingdom of Wei, laid siege to the town of Hsiang-yang on the Hans River, in the year 516.

Although he had an army of probably a million soldiers, he was unable to storm the forts. Then the engineers got busy.

They began to construct an enormous dam across the river, with the idea of drowning the entire defending army.

Two years were spent building the dam. Finally it was finished: three miles long, 1,200 feet high, 450 feet broad at the top and 1,445 feet at the base. The sluices were closed and the waters rose high.

The plan would have worked, had it not been for the fact that the great weight of water swept away the dam and drowned 15,000 soldiers—which so disheartened the besieging armies that Wu Ti returned to his own kingdom a sadder but a wiser man.—*The Latch String*.

—*—

A father found his small son out in the back lot one Sunday morning digging away very industriously.

"Why, son," said the father, "don't you know that it is a sin to dig on the Sabbath, except in case of necessity?"

"Yes, father," replied the youngster.

"Then why don't you stop it?" asked the father.

"Cause this is a case of necessity, father," replied the young philosopher. "A feller can't fish without bait."

—*—

SECRETS OF SUCCESS

Push, said the Button.

Take pains, said the Window.

Never be led, said the Pencil.

Be up-to-date, said the Calendar.

Always keep cool, said the Ice.

Do business on tick, said the Clock.

Never lose your head, said the Barrel.

Do a driving business, said the Hammer.

Aspire to greater things, said the Nutmeg.

Make light of everything, said the Fire.

Never do anything off-hand, said the Glove.

Spend much time in reflection, said the Mirror.

Make much of small things, said the Microscope.

Do the work you are sooted for, said the Flue.

Get a good pull with the ring, said the Bell.

Be sharp in all your dealings, said the Knife.

Do not be too fresh, said the Paint.—*Bilchaco*.

—*—

A PROBLEM SOLVED

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said the veteran.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb-tacks."

—*Columbia Jester*.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character. Let parents bear this ever in mind.—*Hosca Ballou*.

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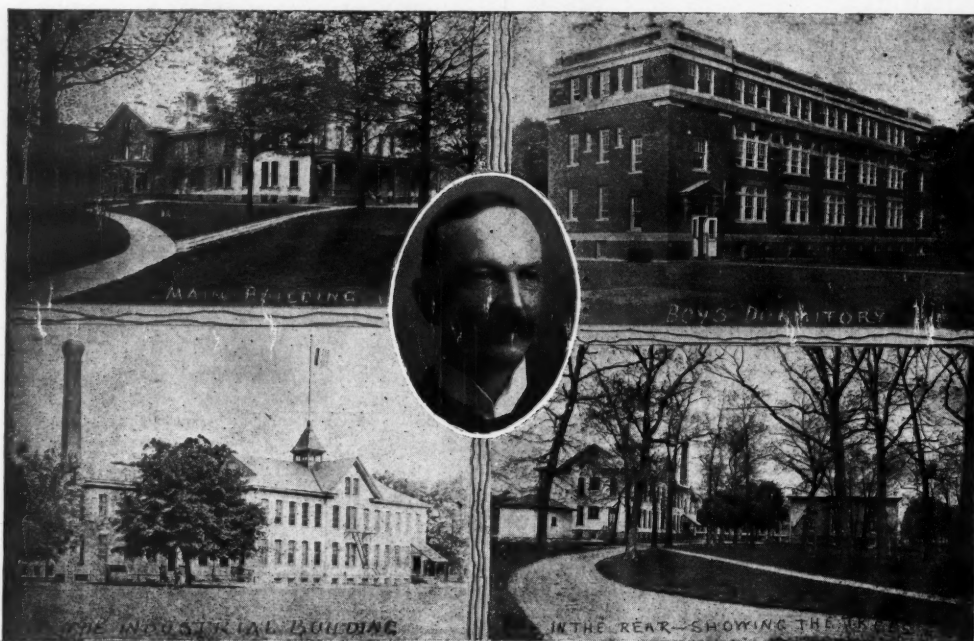
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